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HUSTLER

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IS MASS MEDIA CHOOSING OUR PRESIDENT?

When backing a candidate for high office, whether you're a Democrat, Republican or third party, it often comes down to a difficult choice: the candidate who most reflects your values and positions *or* the candidate who stands the best chance of winning.

In the long, drawn-out horse race of the modern American Presidential campaign, mass media coverage drives voters' perceptions: Whoever is given the most attention as a "serious contender" gains momentum and greater market share—just like a new snack or cell phone rolled out with maximum advertising.

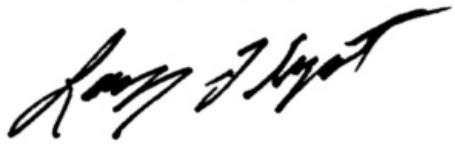
The mass media is definitely playing a role with its "free" advertising, but not on a level playing field. All of the major networks have given Donald Trump wall-to-wall publicity, more than any other candidate, due to his ludicrous, ridiculous remarks. Networks, for the sake of ratings, have crammed this cartoonish candidate right down our throats.

If not for all of this free advertising, Trump wouldn't have achieved any standing in the polls. He's got the mojo because the media says he's got the mojo. But a bloviating maniac shouldn't be allowed to dominate the news.

Even after spewing blatant, bold-faced lies, Trump has been invited back time after time onto shows like ABC's *This Week*, NBC's *Meet the Press*, CBS's *Face the Nation* and CNN's *State of the Union*. In fact, from June 2015 to January 2016, he appeared on these four shows a total of 35 times!

There is a critical difference between lying and giving an opinion, and when a guest on your show—a Presidential candidate no less—continually spouts fiction, he needs to be called out for his atrocious lies, not invited back to repeat them. Allowing Donald Trump unfettered airtime is not only reckless journalism; it's doing a real disservice to the American public.

Maybe the Federal Communications Commission and Federal Election Commission need to update the Fairness Doctrine, making sure that it extends into the corporate headquarters of ABC, NBC, CBS, CNN and company. Because to a large extent, the mass media really does determine what we eat, drink, think, buy, and how we vote.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

"Even though I've voted against parental leave for federal employees, blocked bills mandating paid maternity and sick leave and want to cut billions in child care subsidies, I feel time with *my* family is valuable!"

AN ALLIANCE THAT DESERVES TO DIE

AMERICA'S MOST ENIGMATIC ALLY, SAUDI ARABIA, IS AS BLOODTHIRSTY AS ANY EXTREMIST GROUP.

Our country's foreign policy is generally a well-mannered affair that's been known to mask truly bizarre events as reasonably tidy. But every once in a while the absurdity of it all is revealed for even the must gullible to comprehend.

Such a moment occurred in Saudi Arabia when Sheikh Nimr al-Nimr, an outspoken clerical leader of the kingdom's long-suppressed Shiite minority, was executed on charges of being disloyal to the ruling family, using violence and seeking foreign meddling. His nephew, arrested as a 17-year-old participant in Saudi Arabia's brief Arab Spring protests, was also sentenced to the same fate: beheading.

Suddenly an executioner's glimmering sword exposed the fallacy of a crusade—conducted by a dozen Presidents—based on the absurd notion that the U.S. would make the Middle East safe for democracy by embracing Saudi royalty. Saudi Arabia is the darkest theocracy the modern world has witnessed, so dark that the penalty for abandoning the fanatical Wahhabi version of Islam is public decapitation, while those convicted of adultery are stoned to death by local residents. That's the closest Saudi Arabia comes to democratic participation in governance.

You don't have to be a human rights zealot to know that routinely beheading people as a preferred method of dispensing justice is not good for PR. It's embarrassing to U.S. foreign policy, which has labeled ISIS beheaders as the world's greatest menace while ignoring the savagery of our most important Arab ally. Should we be pals with a country whose capital has a public execution site nicknamed Chop-Chop Square?

Beheading is inherently messy. If the person about to die moves ever so slightly, the first stroke of the blade may not be sufficient to obtain an instantaneous severing of the head. Other swipes are needed. Blood spurts everywhere from the quivering body, and the assemblage of devout witnesses is generally disappointed not to see the expected head bounce. That happens more often than one would like to think.

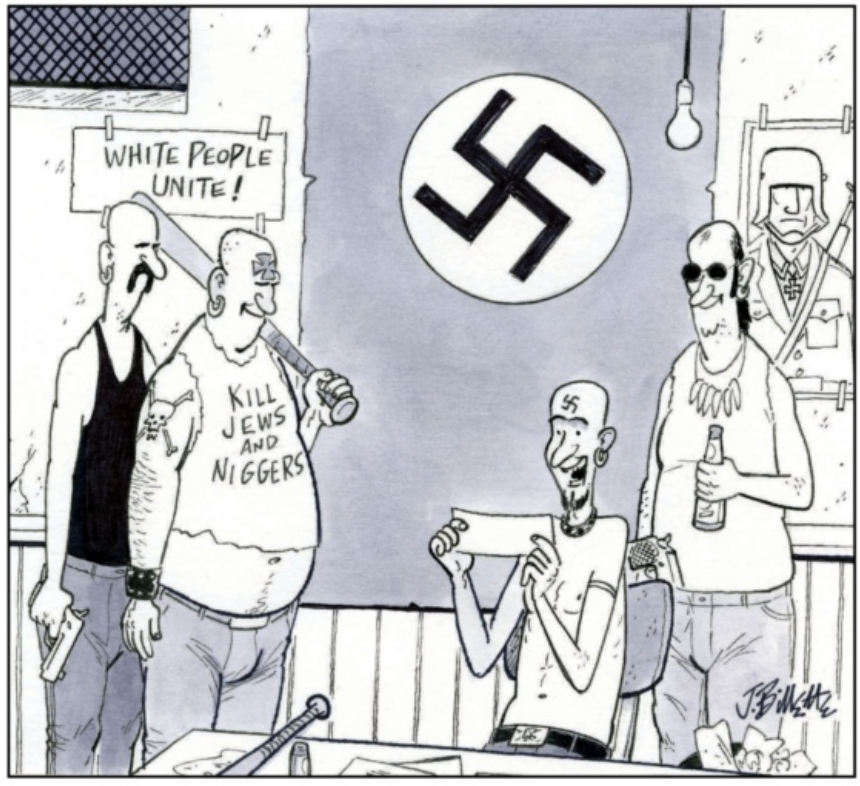
The inadequacies of the Saudi judicial system were unfortunately on full display on January 2. That's when the rigid theocracy decided to execute 47 prisoners, including Nimr al-Nimr. His killing made it difficult for the Western media to continue focusing on ISIS beheadings. Yes, America's oil-rich ally indulges in the same gruesome endeavor. According to several advocacy groups that monitor the death penalty worldwide, Saudi Arabia carried out at least 157 reported executions in 2015, a number that is sure to be surpassed in 2016.

All of this has little to do with Islam and is not a major issue in Indonesia, which boasts the world's largest Muslim population. But it has everything to do with the longstanding commitment of the United States to back a country that doesn't merely advocate an extreme interpretation of Islam; it has been the financier and recruiting ground for Sunni jihadists of all stripes, most notably al-Qaeda and its offshoot ISIS.

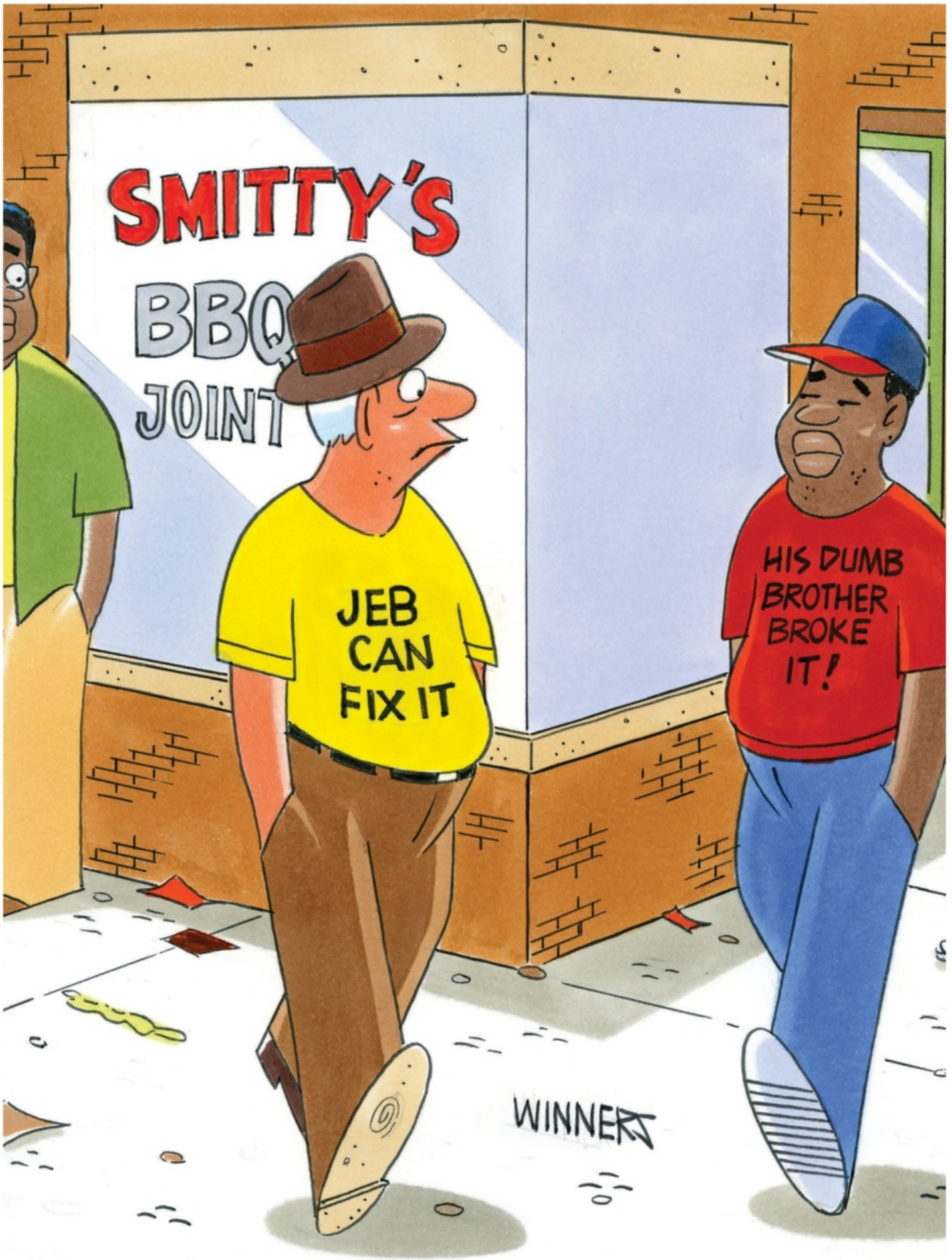
Saudi Arabia, Pakistan and the United Arab Emirates were the only nations to diplomatically recognize the Taliban leadership in Afghanistan when it harbored that infamous son of Saudi Arabia, Osama bin Laden. It was from his birthplace that the mastermind of al-Qaeda's 9/11 attacks on the World Trade Center and Pentagon recruited most of the 19 hijackers; 15 were Saudi citizens who arrived in America with legal documents provided by the kingdom. Yet despite allegations that top government officials aided the 9/11 terrorists, as well as decades of nefarious conduct on the part of the royal family, Saudi Arabia has been rewarded with an absurd favor: the U.S.-led effort to overthrow secular dictators in Iraq, Libya and Syria, who ostensibly posed a threat to the ruling family's riches and religious dominance.

Will our next President finally sever ties with the clear-cut menace Saudi Arabia? H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*



"Holy fuck! We just got a $2-million contribution from the Koch brothers!"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WINNER

WE CAN'T BOMB OUR WAY TO PEACE

AFTER DECADES OF THE SO-CALLED WAR ON TERROR, IT'S TIME TO STOP POURING GASOLINE ON THE FIRE.

In late 2003, as our nation's worst foreign policy disaster was beginning to unfold in Iraq, then-Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld sent a memo to his top advisers asking how the United States would know whether it was "winning or losing the Global War on Terror."

"Are we capturing, killing or deterring and dissuading more terrorists every day than the...radical clerics are recruiting, training and deploying against us?" Rumsfeld wondered. "The harder we work, the behinder we get." He noted the Pentagon's "mixed results" in the fight against al-Qaeda, "slower progress" against the Taliban and, "with respect to the Ansar al-Islam, we are just getting started."

More than a decade of virtually nonstop bombing later, the fight against al-Qaeda has met with moderate, if still mixed, success. The Taliban is rising in both Afghanistan and Pakistan, while Ansar al-Islam merged with the extremist group now known as ISIS.

Not only is the U.S. still bombing; it's also enlisting other nations to do the same. Yet the perceived terror threat remains as real as ever to many Americans. Perhaps it's not a matter of working harder but working smarter. As longtime FBI agent, 9/11 whistleblower and *Time*'s 2002 Person of the Year Coleen Rowley told me recently, we should recall the lesson of Vietnam: "There is no way to bomb your way to peace."

Echoing Rumsfeld's 2003 concerns, Rowley said, "We're creating more people who hate us and more potential attackers than we can possibly kill.... Increasing the size and the scope of the war zone, as the United States has done—from one or two countries now to half a dozen countries to the entire Middle East—this is a recipe for complete disaster."

It's fashionable these days, in the macho heat of a Presidential election, to declare the need to "destroy ISIS" by bombing them even more. If tens of thousands of bombs haven't been enough, somehow tens of thousands more will make a difference?

Regarding ISIS, antiwar author and activist David Swanson told me, "What they want is fame. What they want is to be targeted as the prime enemy of the foreign imperialists. What they want is the bombing, and this is what the U.S. government is giving them."

But if more bombing isn't the answer, and deploying a large number of ground troops will result in even more blowback, what then?

For a start, focus on threats "that are more real but less glamorous," Swanson said. "Police officers in the United States are far more likely to kill you than a Muslim terrorist or a Syrian refugee. McDonald's is far more likely to kill you [than terrorists]. Health insurance companies, environmental polluters are far more likely to kill you. Climate change is going to render the entire caliphate over there uninhabitable by the end of this century unless we radically change our behavior." We must, Swanson warned, "stop repeating this mistake of creating blowback and then using that as justification to escalate the violence that created the blowback in the first place."

Swanson added, "There's no military solution. President Obama says it over and over again—every time he escalates the attempt to find a military solution. This is entirely counterproductive.... This has got to stop or you're going to have this problem worsening and worsening."

Swanson's advice? "Get involved pushing for peace, justice and sanity this time rather than war and escalation.... Cut off the funding and the arms flow to ISIS from Saudi Arabia and the Gulf States and from the United States, directly and indirectly. Stop arming the so-called moderates who pass the arms off. Stop arming the Iraqi government that surrenders the arms. Cut off the funding and the supply for ISIS. End the air campaigns. Stop dropping the bombs that are the biggest recruitment tool ISIS has had. And announce a completely different approach to the world, including military withdrawal from the Middle East, massive reparations for the damage in Iraq, Libya and Afghanistan—including green energy, which this region needs more than any other on Earth—and insist on an arms embargo. Eighty percent of the arms shipped into the Middle East are from the U.S. to begin with.... Stop pouring gasoline on the fire."

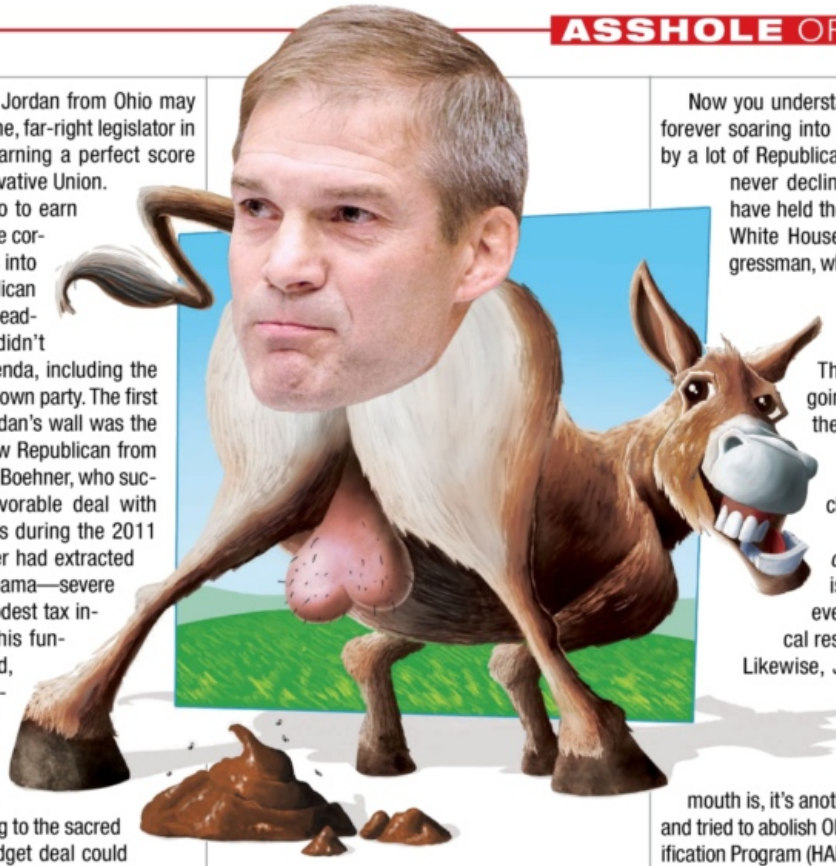
Rowley agrees: "The only answer is to say war is not the answer. War is hurting us. It's creating this."

Or, to paraphrase Rumsfeld: "The harder we bomb, the behinder we get." H

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, national radio host, political commentator, muckraker, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).

"Okay, son, we've taught you everything we can. Now go... join the Republican Party!"

I was thinking of joining the Republican Party.
What a coincidence. I was thinking of letting Ted next door fuck me in the ass.
NCETON
McLeady



JIM JORDAN

Representative Jim Jordan from Ohio may be the most extreme, far-right legislator in all of Congress, earning a perfect score from the American Conservative Union.

What did he have to do to earn this dubious honor? First, he corraled 78 freshmen radicals into a posse called the Republican Study Committee and went head-hunting for heretics who didn't buy into a fringe-right agenda, including the more sane members of his own party. The first trophy on Commander Jordan's wall was the shrunken head of his fellow Republican from Ohio, former speaker John Boehner, who successfully negotiated a favorable deal with Obama and the Democrats during the 2011 debt-ceiling crisis. Boehner had extracted huge concessions from Obama—severe spending cuts and only modest tax increases. But Jordan and his fundamentalist posse rebelled, forcing through a no-tax-increase, cuts-only program that resulted in the notorious sequester: automatic cuts across the board—everything from arts funding to the sacred cow of defense—if no budget deal could be reached.

After gerrymandering districts to rig permanent control of the House, in the 2012 election Republicans garnered 1.36 million fewer votes than Democrats, but kept a 33-seat majority. Together with radicals in the Senate led by Ted Cruz, Jordan initiated a shutdown of the government in order to defund Obamacare. This hijacking resulted in thousands of federal employees being furloughed, including crucial Federal Aviation Administration workers, causing long flight delays. Fifty-seven thousand low-income pre-schoolers were kicked out of Head Start; cancer patients were denied chemotherapy; domestic violence victims were turned away from crisis centers; public schools increased class sizes, fired staff, and some even closed. Opposed even by the Chamber of Commerce, the shutdown ended after 16 days, costing the economy $24 billion, while jackass Jordan and his fundamentalist yahoos danced jigs of joy, cynically blaming Obama for the mess they created.

Americans have short memories, and many conveniently forget the following facts: By the time Bill Clinton left office, the annual deficit had stabilized, and we'd actually produced a surplus for the first time in decades. If this trend had continued, the national debt would be on a steady downward slope by now. But then George Bush the Younger and Dumber was shoehorned into office. He enacted huge tax cuts for the wealthy and launched a war in the Middle East, and that's when Clinton's flatlining national debt suddenly exploded into orbit. It has continued to rise under Obama, because Jordan and his uncompromising radicals refuse to repeal the devastating Bush cuts while extending endless blank checks to the military-industrial complex, even for things the Pentagon rejects as completely unnecessary!

In 2011 Congress passed a defense appropriations bill that included $255 million for 42 new Abrams tanks. The U.S. Army complained: *Stop! We don't need them! It's a waste of taxpayers' money!* But Ohio politicians, led by Jim Jordan, kept the boondoggle in, because the Abrams tank plant is in Lima, Ohio. There were then 2,300 Abrams tanks deployed around the world and 3,000 more sitting idle and gathering rust at a base in California. The Pentagon also opposed funding of other projects it really didn't need—the Global Hawk drone program, the C-27J Spartan cargo aircraft and a proposed East Coast missile defense system—all with Ohio-based procurement. How did Janus-faced Jordan explain it all away?—"I think it's in the best interests of the U.S. to defend our country."

"If you want your government to create jobs, the Department of Defense is not the most efficient way to do that," remarked Ben Freeman of the watchdog group Project on Government Oversight. Nor the most practical—$255 million could repair a lot of crumbling bridges, fund scholarships and scientific research, clean up toxic waste dumps or a thousand other more beneficial things.

Has there ever been a greater display of rank hypocrisy in Washington? Jordan huffs and puffs about the deficit, the inefficient government, the waste of taxpayers' money, but when it comes time to ladle some fat, rancid pork back to his home state, he turns into a BBQ chain. And he's not alone. The first group of Tea Party faithful elected to Congress in 2009 actually accounted for more pork-laden earmarks than most of their fellow and senior congressmen, adding more than $1 billion to the budget—all while blowing smoke about reducing government spending!

Now you understand why the national debt is forever soaring into the stratosphere, kept afloat by a lot of Republican hot air, and the deficit has never declined, even when Republicans have held the major reins of power in the White House and Congress. Every congressman, whatever his stripe, operates on the NIMBY principle: Let's cut government spending *—but not in my backyard!* The real question is: Are we going to pay for it now, by taxing the 1% and corporations, like most of Europe does, or saddle our children and grandchildren with the burden?

Fuck the kids! Let's splurge on credit now! That, essentially, is the GOP's practice, whatever its glib lip service about fiscal responsibility.

Likewise, Jordan spouts clichés about representing the middle class and all Americans, but when it comes to putting money where his mouth is, it's another "Screw you!" He opposed and tried to abolish Obama's Home Affordable Modification Program (HAMP), designed to help average victims of Wall Street's 2008 economic implosion, mainly victims of subprime mortgage fraud. HAMP is part of the Making Home Affordable Program, which has helped 7 to 8 million homeowners facing foreclosure by working with lenders to lower monthly mortgage payments. Well, to hell with the average Joe, says Jimbo, but the sky's the limit for bailing out guilty Wall Street bankers.

Not content with two efforts at shutting down the federal government and wreaking national mayhem, Jordan and his other GOP posse, the Freedom Caucus, threw yet another tantrum after the bogus Planned Parenthood scandal (doctored videos alleged that the organization was selling aborted fetus tissue for medical research). Defund Planned Parenthood—and all the good it does to ensure healthy pregnancies and responsible parenting—or we'll bring the whole nation to a crashing halt again, costing the economy another $24 billion.

Jordan led the inquisition of Planned Parenthood chief Cecile Richards, who admirably held her cool while Jordan interrupted her 19 times in five minutes, a performance that would have made even bully of bullies Joseph McCarthy proud. He uncovered not a single instance of malfeasance or illegal activity by Planned Parenthood. The "fiscally responsible" Tea Party elephants just love costly, primetime witch hunts that make mountains out of molehills and uncover squat.

An anonymous GOP staffer once called the Freedom Caucus the "craziest of the crazy." And Jim Jordan is Lunatic in Chief. In the 114th Congress, he filed exactly one bill, which may be a record low. It's hard work studying all the issues and crafting policies that can make our country work more efficiently—a lot harder than grandstanding to a bunch of "all government is evil" halfwits, sparking partisan duels and blowing steam for the news cameras. H

SATAN IS MY COPILOT

Even those who avoid the Trinity Broadcasting Network got a nice whiff of bullshit when a segment from Kenneth Copeland's *Believer's Voice of Victory* recently went viral. Copeland, truly one of today's most repugnant holy rollers, sat down with fellow fork-tongue Jesse Duplantis to discuss why tax-free private jets are a church must: Televangelists need to be able to unbuckle their seatbelts, stand up and talk to God. Can't do that on commercial, Copeland points out (even though you totally can, so long as God waits for the pilot to turn off the "Fasten Seat Belt" sign; Copeland's reasoning would make more sense if God wanted them to demonstrate their faith by lighting a fatty mid-flight or snorting lines off their tray tables during a steep descent, both things that actually are easier to get away with on a private plane). More to the point, the preachers explained that having their own jets means they don't have to stand around in public airports where "agitating spirits" might want to say hi or even, God forbid, ask for prayers. "Get in a long tube with a bunch of demons and it is deadly," lamented Copeland.

We get it. Being at the airport can totally harsh your mellow. So does paying taxes. Television evangelicals have been wiping their asses with 501(c)(3), an IRS code that allows churches to be exempt from taxes, for years. The worst offenders are "prosperity gospel" shills like Copeland, who tell their followers that wealth is a sign of God's favor. Send them your money, and if your lot in life doesn't improve, it's because you didn't send enough. That kind of pretzel logic makes these preachers scumbags among scumbags—and filthy fucking rich. Back in 2007, WFAA news reporter Brett Shipp obtained Copeland's flight records and proved that he used his tax-free plane regularly for personal family vacations. "That's none of your bidness," Copeland said when confronted. You'd think it would be the IRS's "bidness," but they haven't been auditing churches since 2009, when a court ruling specified that a "high-ranking Treasury official" had to sign off on demands for church records. The IRS hasn't decided who that person should be, so no audits. Two words: Jesus Christ! He could totally do it, plus he probably wouldn't mind flying coach.

SOMEWHERE, AN EGRET CRIED

Pointing a gun at a Federal officer is a crime, but for almost a month, the government response to the antigovernment protest at the Malheur National Wildlife Refuge in Oregon was restrained, at least IRL. Sexual tensions at #BundyEroticFanFic, however, ignited immediately. Ryan and Ammon Bundy, the two brothers at the center of the group of protestors, have inspired their own category of erotic fan fiction (their bend toward beards, cowboy boots and camouflage, along with their impassioned rhetoric about the U.S. Constitution, was too much for budding purple prose writers to resist, apparently). "Can't wait to see all the erotic fanfic inspired by the #BundyMilitia #MalheurWildlifeRefuge occupation," tweeted Portland resident and singer for the Decemberists Colin Meloy, who wasted no time getting things rolling: "They huddled together for warmth. The cold of Ammon's Ruger 22 against Brian's naked thigh sent a thrill up his spine." "Jason pressed Jed against a rack of 'Birds of Oregon' books; his breath was sweet with jerky. Somewhere, an egret cried."

"Ammon's and Jed's passion smoldered, like 50,000 acres of illegally backburned Federal grazing land," @MichaelJCurtiss wrote. @MaxReddick offered, "'But they'll hear us,' Ammon whispered breathlessly. 'No, they will not,' Jason replied, 'I'm using a silencer.'" "'Did you bring condoms?' Jed whispered. 'Not to worry, we're protected by the 1st and 2nd Amendment,' Ammon replied," continued @JulianChristo. Hopefully readers enjoy a sexier ending than #RubyRidge, #WoundedKnee or #Waco.

"Two things are infinite: the universe and human stupidity; and I'm not sure about the universe." — ALBERT EINSTEIN, PHYSICIST

CLUB GIRL: MELANIE

After spending the last six months traveling back and forth between Minnesota and Las Vegas, our 25-year-old Club Girl decided to plant her high heels squarely in Sin City, where you can find her dancing at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club, Las Vegas. "Personality is what makes a very good dancer great. Also how much of an info-nympho you are. The more I can find out about people, the more I'm involved. That makes things so much more exciting." Melanie knows she could have picked a more exotic stage name, but says hers suits her best. "Every once in a blue moon," she confides, "I'll introduce myself and my name is either the guy's wife's name or his daughter's name. I always wanted a regular name, but sometimes it ruins the night." Good thing dancing lifts her spirits. "I love moving, working out, dancing, sex. Total goose bumps whenever I look down and see my sweaty body." Best thing about working at HUSTLER? "They've got three huge stages! I'm a born performer. I love when people are watching me dance. I can be very seductive, you know." Yes, we can tell...

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ADAM MATLOW

"I don't think there's anything wrong with Annie having an imaginary friend. Hell, you have Jesus!"

"Everything you can imagine is real." —PABLO PICASSO, ARTIST

CHANEL PRESTON

ABIGAIL MAC

MEAN TWEETS

Obama's done it; kids do it; even Canadians do it. It didn't take long for Jimmy Kimmel's segment "Celebrities Read Mean Tweets" to drip its way through pop culture. Thing is, most porn stars don't give a shit what people think (just one of many reasons why they're porn stars and you aren't). Still, there are things to be learned in the new series "Pornstars Read Mean Comments," available on YouTube. For example, Abigail Mac probably needs reading glasses. She's got the phone like an inch from her face and still seems to have trouble making out SlimMighty's comment: "If you say Abigail Mac three times in the mirror at night, she shows up and disappoints you...just like her scenes do." (Abigail, you don't even need to go see an optometrist. They sell that shit at the dollar store!) Sometimes a joke fails simply because the target doesn't get it, even though you'd think she would. (See a confused Monique Alexander trying to make sense of mgkwolf's "I heard you're Stevie Wonder's favorite porn star." Okay, so, Monique, Stevie Wonder is—eh, forget it.) Also, porn fans tend to prefer lame "dad humor" to going for the jugular, e.g., noah4 on Peta Jensen: "I hope you're not sponsored by PETA...because I want to pound the f**k out of your beaver." And finally, on that note, smut fans love more than they hate, even in "mean" tweets. I think we can all get behind the comment left for Chanel Preston, who warns viewers, "It's a long one: 'More more more more more more more more more more more more more more more more more more more more more more more more more more more more more...'"

XXX MASHUP

There's too much wanky guitar music to make it strictly educational, too much British accented voice-over to make it porn. A video clip titled "Camera Inside of the Vagina During Sex in Missionary Position" has been driving people nuts precisely because it bends expected categories. On December 29, 2015, a full eight months after it was first posted, the press picked up on the clip's existence and made an inexplicable stink. "Could this be one of the most extreme and *controversial videos* ever to be uploaded onto YouTube?" demanded the British *Daily Express*, summarizing the clip as "an up-close and extremely graphic look at sex from inside a woman's vagina." Across the pond, U.S. publications *Cosmopolitan* and *Maxim* ran with the "story," and the clip racked up close to 14 million hits. A few days later YouTube replaced the clip with a static gray image and the following message: "This video has been removed as a violation of YouTube's policy on nudity or sexual content." But sweet confusion! YouTube's own user guidelines permit the posting of videos that contain "nudity or other sexual content" so long as the primary purpose is "educational, documentary, scientific or artistic, and it isn't gratuitously graphic." So, for now, type "Camera Inside of the Vagina During Sex in Missionary Position" into YouTube's search bar, and you'll find other uploads of the clip, including its source—the BBC documentary series *A Girl's Guide to 21st Century Sex*, which ran for eight episodes and covered a range of topics, from sexually transmitted diseases to sex positions. When the series first aired back in 2006, a scant 21 people complained to the Office of Communications (Ofcom, the UK's version of our FCC) that it was obscene. Ofcom ruled that the series "genuinely sought to inform and educate" on sex and therefore did not violate any broadcasting regulations. That was the news ten years ago. Get it together, media of today. And BBC and YouTube? Thanks for the education.

"I love criticism just so long as it's unqualified praise." —NOËL COWARD, WRITER

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Hard-on City

I have been a HUSTLER fan for decades. The women are always ravishingly beautiful. I'm a 57-year-old recluse guitarist and singer. Never married, but still looking. What I really like about HUSTLER nowadays is the four-hour DVD you include. Seeing the girls in action is horny hard-on city.

In a recent DVD one theme was irresistible: stepmother seduction. Mikki Lynn is superb. Simone Sonay is luscious. But the one who really got my attention? Sindy Lange. She's beautiful beyond compare. As Eric Clapton once expressed, Sindy is nothing short of a portrait. There's no doubt Sindy comes in the video. It's been a long time since I've seen a woman squirt when she orgasms. She is such a natural turn-on to a man. There is nothing pretentious or disingenuous about her. If I ever married and had my choice, it would be Sindy Lange. By the way, what is Sindy's real name?

—Joseph Vito Vinciguerra
Hanover Township, Pennsylvania

Oxy-Mormon

I hope to see Beaver Bree, who described herself as a "frisky and open-minded Mormon" from Bountiful, Utah [*Beaver Hunt*, February '16], at one of our local strip clubs soon! (Isn't "open-minded Mormon" an oxymoron though?) In any case, Bree will always be my favorite oxy-Mormon.

—Dan Connole
Salt Lake City, Utah

P.S. For my own reasons, I would have given my condo in downtown Salt Lake City to see Whitney Houston appear naked in HUSTLER. Now I have Jezabel Vessir [*Rise & Shine*, February '16]—and I get to keep my condo!

Shock Value

Larry Flynt, if you really want to get involved in world politics and shock the world with controversial subjects, are you bold enough to put a nude Muslim woman in full face veil holding her pussy lips open with a 9mm on the front cover? Hillary and Obama, and maybe others too, will say this is politically incorrect. But certainly Donald Trump would approve. You will get lots of attention from everybody and sell more magazines. Hopefully you will be safe as long as you don't mail subscriptions to any guys named Mohammed or gals named Saida.

—Jerry L. Hale
Burleson, Texas

Jezabel Vessir spread sheer joy in our February '16 issue.

GOP Prick

Watching the Republican response to Obama's State of the Union Address really made me think about a couple of pertinent things that I'd like to get off my chest. First, WTF is wrong with Paul Ryan? He looks like some vampirish, dweeby frat boy on crystal meth. I have a gay, pretty progressive friend who went to high school with that Retardlican POS. He maintains that Paul Ryan's ding-dong is average to larger-than-average in case anyone was wondering. And then there's Governor Nikki Haley. She looks like an aging, painted suburban housecunt with lockjaw. All their shitty policies aside, Republicans these days are just about the most physically repulsive group of assholes on planet Earth right now. Peace out.

—Philip Pundsack
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Clean Snatch

As a HUSTLER subscriber, I want to thank you for a wonderful, sexy and naughty magazine and for your fine four-star political content. I also wish to thank you for a fantastic February '16 issue. However, I didn't care that much for the photo segment promoting the bush aspect. Regarding the area between a woman's legs, I've always enjoyed seeing a sexy, clean or nearly so pussy area. Yes, I do! I just think that if you date a woman with a so-called bush, you're not getting the total sexual effect. I know from reading HUSTLER over the years that Larry Flynt is a big fan of bush. To each his own. Anyway, it was a real good issue. Three cheers.

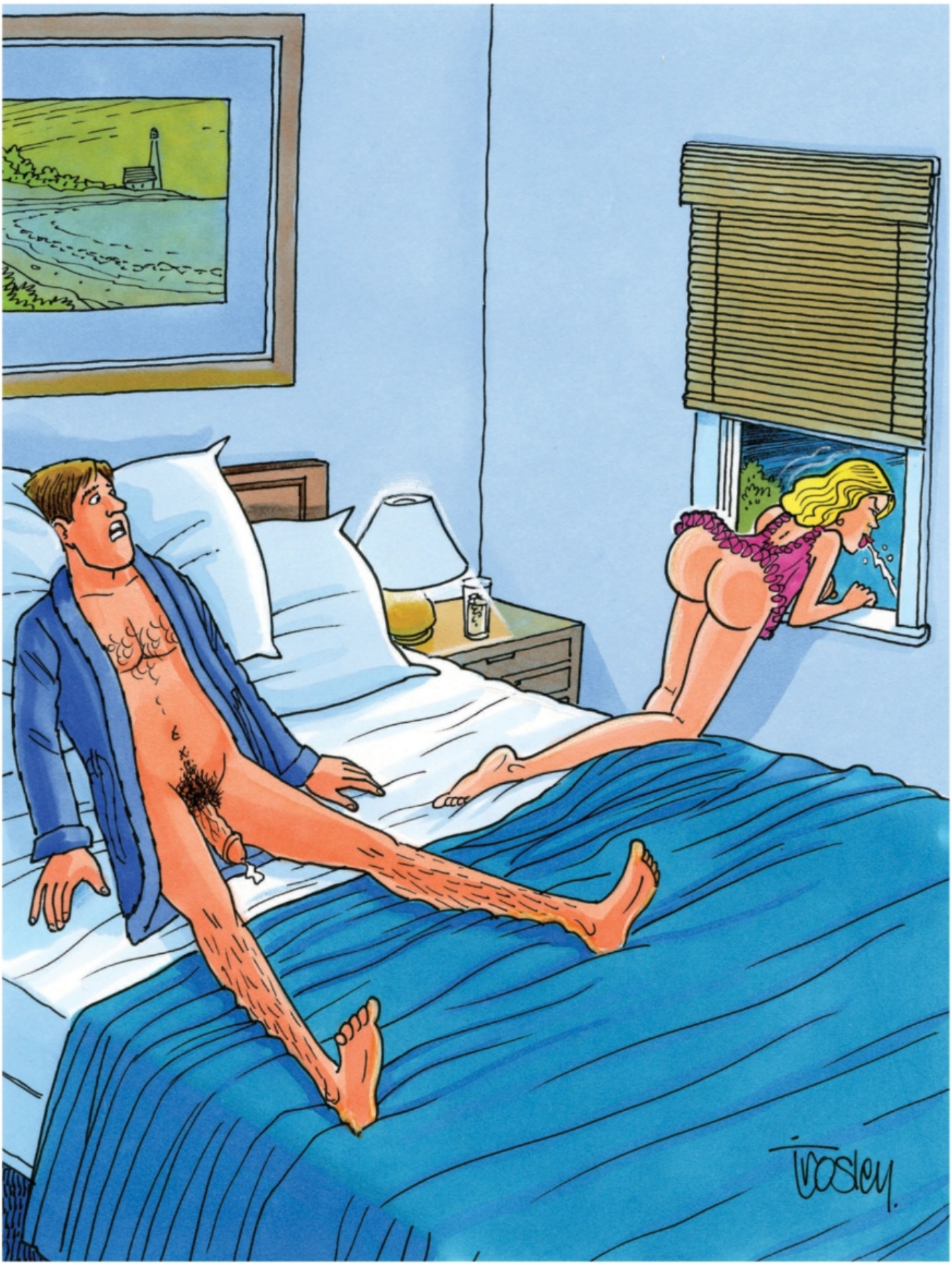
—Dennis Comstock
Muskegon, Michigan

Muy Caliente

It is because of the recycling bin that I found a 2007 issue (Volume 1, Issue 2) of HUSTLER's *Latin Girls*. I know it is nine years old, but I thought I would write and tell you that I found the magazine to be of excellent quality. The pages were nice and thick and well glossed. The format and style was well executed, and the models posed in artful positions. All of the female models were extremely attractive, and the male models were in fantastic shape, with a few interesting ones thrown in for good measure and a sense of regularity. (Ho! Page 14!) I know the Internet has given pornography a heavy blow with all its "free porn," but free anything is never really worth anything. Companies such as HUSTLER provide premium adult material. The new generation may not be interested in magazines now, but in time they will get bored and want something tangible to hold and collect.

—Jason Dowkyan
Napanoch, New York

Congratulations to Joseph of Hanover Township, Pennsylvania, for sending in our *Feedback* Letter of the Month. Judging from the Eric Clapton reference, self-identification as "recluse guitarist," and passionate infatuation with Syndy (what makes you think that's not her real name?), we sense you could use more social interaction. Throw on your new HUSTLER T-shirt and head outside toward the light! Want to be next month's winner? Send letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. Be sure to indicate your hometown and a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.



"No, you don't have to swallow it…but must you spit it on my neighbor?"

SKYE
WEST
GOOD THINGS COME...
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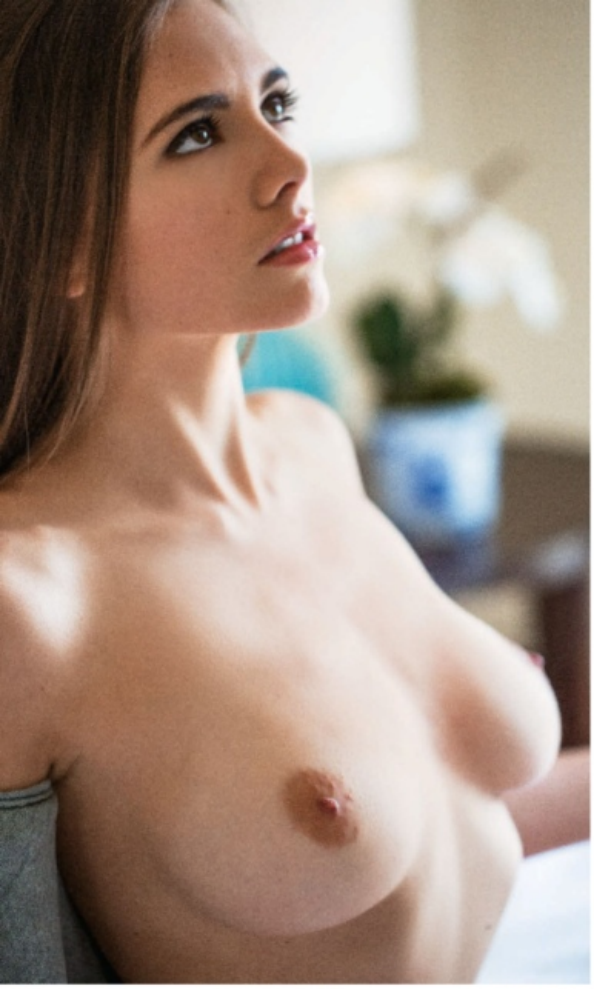
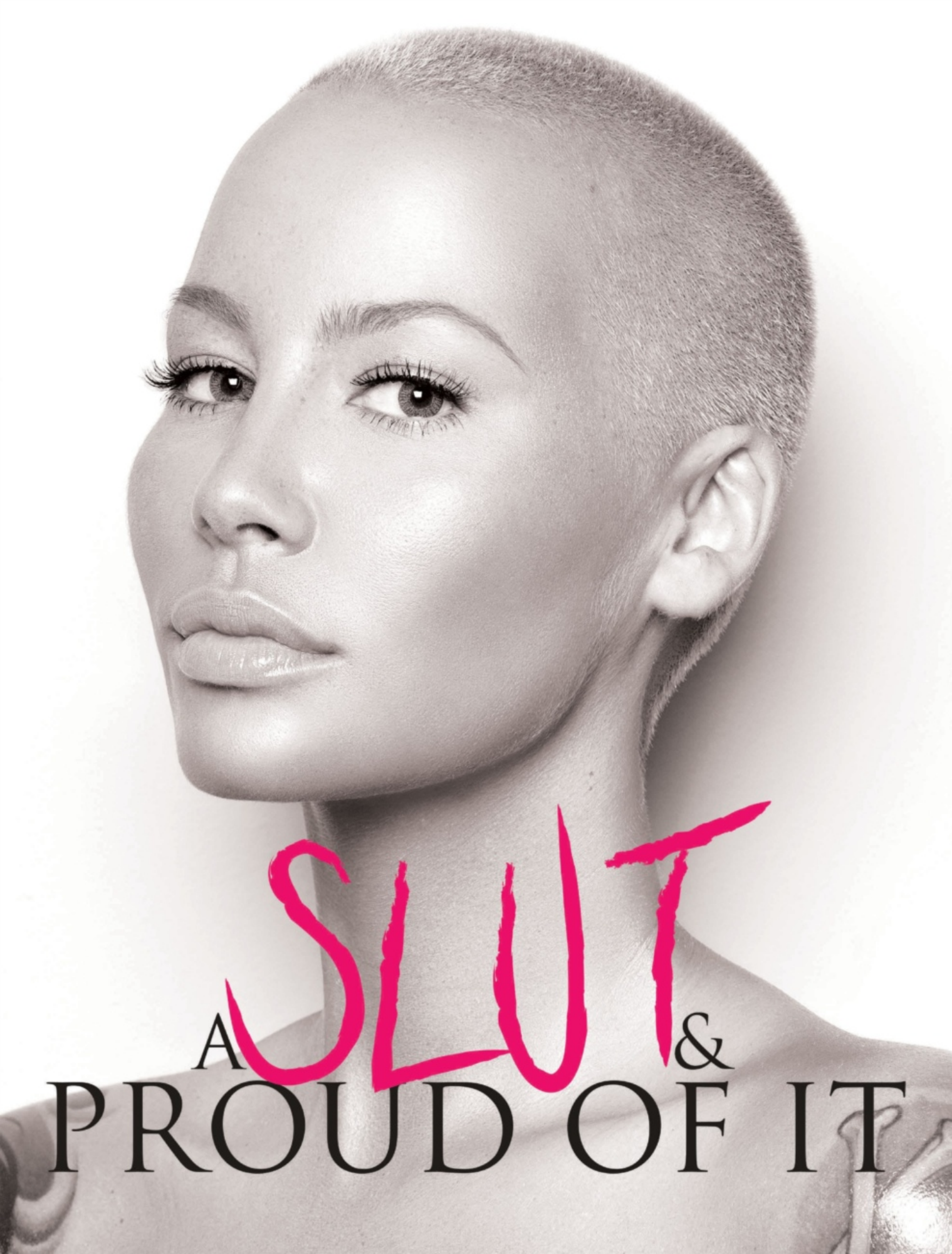


You have no idea how much I love being petite. I didn't always. In school I used to get so upset that I wasn't as tall as my girlfriends. But by the time I started dating, being small was a plus. I think guys prefer short women. They think we're cute, less intimidating, more feminine. More innocent. That works to my advantage. I love catching guys off guard. I'm tougher than I look.

"Doing porn makes me feel good about myself. I'm accomplishing more than most people, and if you have something negative to say about it, you can go fuck off. Okay, I admit, I can't reach the top shelf at Walmart—#ShortGirlProblems! But my sex life is huge."

SKYE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Miami, Florida** | AGE: **21** | HEIGHT: **4-11** | MEASUREMENTS: **32C-24-33**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary** | TWITTER: **@SkyeWestXXX**


A SLUT &
PROUD OF IT

CALL HER A SLUT, A WHORE OR A GOLD DIGGER ALL YOU WANT. AMBER ROSE DOESN'T GIVE A FUCK. THE FAMOUSLY BALD-HEADED BEAUTY WITH THE LARGER-THAN-LIFE BOOTY IS FRESH OFF HER SLUTWALK RUNWAY, AND THERE'S CERTAINLY NO SHAME IN HER GAME. SHE'S MORE THAN JUST AN EX-GIRLFRIEND AND A BABY MAMA. AMBER IS A BONAFIDE BUSINESSWOMAN—AND SHE'S GOT THE BANK ACCOUNT TO PROVE IT.

INTERVIEW BY KIMBERLY CHENG
AMBER ROSE TITLE PHOTO COURTESY BRENDAN FORBES
SLUTWALK PHOTOS BY KELLY WEBB

HUSTLER: You got a lot of shit, while promoting your book *How to Be a Bad Bitch*, for telling women to seduce men to get what they want.

AMBER ROSE: People take the word *seduction* and just immediately turn it into sex, and that's not the case. Seduction is having charm. I would never tell women to just use guys for money. One, it's not safe. And two, I'm not a horrible person. A man can come over and ask you to have sex within the first five minutes, but because you're a woman, you can't ask him to help you start your business?

Women do it all the time, every day. Every time they go to a club, they try to get in front of the line and then—

Get a free drink.

You're just being open about it.

Yeah, and people were uncomfortable. Also, I'm not saying it's an even exchange. I'm not saying, well, if they ask you to have sex and you do it, then they need to buy you this. I'm not telling you to prostitute yourself. I'm telling you to use your charm and your wits to make it in life. Everyone has a stepping stone, right?

So how do you seduce a man?

It's never just getting naked and having sex. It's conversation, eye contact, rubbing up somebody's arm. Just being very engaged in conversation and not talking about yourself too much, listening to what they have to say. Elaborate on what they're saying, help them out with their faults in life or what they've been through, give them really good advice, be compassionate.

Talking about ourselves is what people do because we're programmed to do that. So if you tell me a story, I'm like, "Oh, my God, that happened to me." You literally just take their story away from them and bring it back to yourself. And when you do that, it doesn't really make it flow. It's better to be like, "Let me hear everything that you have to say. I want to listen to whatever you have been doing in life. I'm going to help you do that." And then people are like, "Wow, this girl is really fucking interesting. She hasn't said one thing about herself the whole night. She is completely interested about what I have going on." And very often guys don't get that from women. So when you're the girl who's giving them that, they're like, "Okay, I have five girls that I'm dating right now, but this one is very interested in me—for me."

Makes sense. So tell us about the first time you were ever slut-shamed.

I was about 14. I was still a virgin, and me and my friends, we just started kissing boys. And I was making out with this boy I know in the closet, and he was like, "Get down on your knees." I was like, "Why?" Because I just didn't understand. I was so young that I didn't get it. And he was like, "No, just get down on your knees. I'm telling you, I just got to show you something." And I'm like, "Okay." I get down on my knees, and he opens the closet door. All my friends are out there. And his dick is out. In my face.

It was pitch-black. I had no idea. I think it was a sweatpants situation where it was quick. He opens the door and all my friends, everybody—it's like a bunch of kids out there, and they were like, "Oh, my God, look, she was sucking his dick." I was like, "No, I wasn't. I swear to God. I wasn't doing that." And they were like "Yeah, you were. It was in your face." I didn't even know what was going on. I went to school, and it was horrible. >>

What happened?

He was just a total asshole. He didn't even say hi to me or nothing. And then people were just like, "We've seen you. You were on your knees." I wanted to switch schools, it was so bad. I moved back to my mom's house in Philly, and I finished off high school there. But girls would still call me a whore all the time.

Just based on the way you look?

Yeah, because all the boys liked me. When you're the new girl in school and you're pretty and all the boys like you, the girls hate you. I always wore platform sneakers. I was just so different, a different type of girl.

Seems like you've always had to defend yourself.

Always. You know what it is? Like, "I can't even think that Amber could possibly mean 'charm' people instead of 'fuck' people with the word *seduction*." But thank God, I really feel like I'm built for this life, because I sleep like a baby. It doesn't bother me. It takes time, but you have to just let shit go.

Is that why you decided to take the word *slut* back and own it?

I did it because I was married and had a baby, and I was still a slut to people. When I first came out, I was dating a famous guy, and I was still a slut. It didn't matter. It didn't matter who I was with or what I had on or what I said. I was always a slut in people's eyes just because I was pretty or I was comfortable with my body or I was very confident.

So I got to the point where I was like, "I can't win," and I just got to embrace it because I can't scream at everyone on the Internet and be like, "You don't understand. That's not me." I'm like, I don't give a fuck about you. I don't know you and you don't know me. The only thing that can make me cry is shit that affects me personally in my life. But if you're sitting in a cubicle writing comments, I don't give a fuck about you.

What inspired the SlutWalk?

My divorce. I mean, divorces are mutual. It just fucking happens. And there's really no one to blame personally. It's just what God wants. The Internet went in on me because I'm a woman, like, "Why can't you keep a man? What's wrong with you? What are you doing wrong?" It's just like, what the fuck, why does it have to be me? And it hurt like a motherfucker because I was already in an extremely vulnerable situation.

But the cool thing about that whole experience was that it made me so strong, where I was like, you know what, fuck this. I'm going to have a SlutWalk, and I'm going to do it on behalf of all women who deal with this shit: rape victims, sexual assault victims and women who have been victim-blamed—and double standards. It worked. And it brought a lot of awareness.

We had psychologists there to talk to girls who have been raped, and we had booths for women to tell their stories to help other women. Everyone kind of had similar stories. So they all met; they all became friends. It was just a safe place to come, wear whatever the fuck you want. If you want your tits out, you can have your tits out. And nobody is judging you. And you can fucking twerk, and you can do whatever the fuck you want, and no one cares.

You cried during your SlutWalk speech talking about how much it hurt when the men in your life slut-shamed you.

My ex slut-shaming me didn't hurt me. I laughed. You got to laugh at that. That's just ridiculous. It's like, even if I had an STD, 30 showers will not get rid of it. Let's be realistic, right? I definitely cried over my husband. I love my husband, but you know, people make mistakes, and he's apologized a million times for it. He didn't push that song [where he slut-shamed me] to be any bigger. He was just like, I was just mad and upset, and I said something stupid, and I'm sorry. And I forgave him for that. I forgive everyone that has ever done me wrong in my life. >>

Slut-shaming isn't just between men and women, but among women too.
Absolutely. I had an interview the other day, and the guy asked me, "Do you ever think the double standards will ever change with women and men?" And all the women in the audience were like, "No, they're never going to change. It's always going to be this way." And I'm just like, "This is the problem. You instantly said no, but you're the women. It has to start with us."

What do you think holds people back the most?
What people will say about them. You just got to surround yourself with people that don't give a fuck. My team, they don't give a fuck. [Blac] Chyna, she still gives a fuck, a little bit. But I'm trying to get her out of it. You know, it takes time. But I do whatever I want, and it's fucking awesome.

Surround yourself with people like your new BFF, Amy Schumer.
[*Laughs.*] I had to present Amy with a Women of the Year award, and on the red carpet the girl's like, "Okay, so can you say something really cool about Amy Schumer 'cause you guys are friends?" I was like, "Yeah, the one thing that I love about Amy Schumer is that she lets me eat her out whenever I want." And the girl is like, "Can you do that over?" She just didn't know what to do. She was so scared and nervous.

"LARRY FLYNT RULES. WOMEN ARE MEANT TO BE APPRECIATED, NOT SHAMED."

—ELLE
PORTLAND, OREGON

People often think confident, outspoken women are whores—
We're all whores. If you sleep with more than one guy in the building you work at, you're a fucking slut. But guys can sleep with a girl on the seventh floor and a girl on the fifth floor and a girl on the third floor and two in the same office. No one cares.

There's that saying that women lie about their number of sexual partners by dividing it by three. Men multiply it by three.
Yeah, exactly. And it's bullshit.

It's also bullshit that women are only defined by the relationships they've had. You were pretty pissed about that *GQ* article for that reason. [In the intro to the article, Amber is introduced as "Kanye's infamous ex, Wiz Khalifa's baby mama."]

It's not just me. That happens to women every single day. And it's crazy, because the girl who wrote the article, she was like, "You know what, Amber, I know exactly how you feel when people do that to you because they introduce me as so-and-so's girlfriend because he was a journalist before I was." This is what she told me. And then she wrote this fucking article.

One thing about me you have to understand: I don't give a fuck about a magazine. I don't give a fuck about a cover. I don't give a fuck about none of that shit. I care about people who care about me. That's it. If you're going to reach out to me for an article and a photoshoot, take time away from me spending time with my son, to come and do this for your magazine, and you treat me like this, I don't got no fucking words for you.

Listen, I wasn't trying to be famous. I became famous for my haircut. I didn't even say shit. I didn't do an interview for two years, and I had a fan base. I'm Amber from Philly, fell in love with this famous guy, just so happens, and we're out here having a blast. People took a liking to me for my look. So when they were like, "You got famous for no reason." Yeah. That's not my fault. I didn't ask for it. I don't know what you want me to do. I literally was like, "I'm not famous. Leave me alone."

Well, not many people can rock a bald head. When did you shave it?

I was 18 years old. I remember watching Sinéad O' Connor's video "Nothing Compares 2 U." I was an MTV kid, so I used to watch constant music videos all day. There's not a song you could play that I >>

"WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO FUCK WHOEVER WE WANT TO FUCK WITHOUT GETTING ANY TYPE OF CRITICISM. DRESS HOWEVER WE WANT TO DRESS. EVERYONE IS EQUAL. GUYS OR GIRLS, IT DOESN'T MATTER."

—RUTH
SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA

"I DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT A MAGAZINE. I DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT A COVER. I DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT NONE OF THAT SHIT. I CARE ABOUT PEOPLE WHO CARE ABOUT ME. THAT'S IT."

don't know. That's probably why I date musicians because I just love music. Then I think Natalie Portman shaved her head, and I was like, I'm going to do it. All my friends were like, "No, don't do it. You're going to look crazy."

What was it like growing up in South Philly?

It was cool. I grew up really poor, but I grew up with a lot of love. My mom loved me to death. I'm her only child. I guess it just made me a strong person. And made me very humble more so than anything, because coming out to L.A., you can really lose yourself really fast out here. You start getting all this money and start buying cars, and you have access to all these famous people. You can really fucking just lose yourself completely.

Being from Philly helped me stay grounded. And what's crazy is that most of my friends and my family are really bad drug addicts. Either they're still drug addicts or they're dead. So I never did a drug in my life because of that. A lot of the rich people that grew up out here, they're into all kinds of crazy shit because they didn't see what happens to people. They didn't love their friends and watch them die or be at all these funerals. Seeing that definitely made me not get into coke and molly and crack or whatever the fuck they do out here.

You've dealt with a lot of loss in your life.

A lot. I mean, my uncle, my whole family was fucked up on drugs. My uncle went to jail for 28 years for murder, got out, overdosed. My other uncle is a heroin addict. He's still addicted. His body didn't break down yet. He's been on it since he was 14 years old, and he's 60. My aunt died in 2009. It was the fifth funeral I went to that year. I just got so used to seeing dead bodies, it wasn't weird anymore.

Five funerals? All from drugs?

I have four friends who died in 2009 from AIDS. It was just back-to-back. Which is why I'm so excited that I was just named the ambassador for the AIDS Healthcare Foundation. It's really cool, and it goes to what I did at the SlutWalk. We had a tent that encouraged women to carry their own condoms. Don't always depend on the guy to have a condom because what happens is, you get into the heat of the moment; shit happens; he don't have a condom; he's not prepared. You feel obligated, because—I know there's women out there—you took him too far; your clothes are off; it's about that moment. And then you do something you could regret for the rest of your life. I'm a huge advocate for safe sex.

What was the scene like when you were a stripper?

It was one of the best times in my life. I was young, beautiful, made a shitload of money, went to work every night. It was like a party. I had nothing, but all the girls were my friends. I didn't have any kids. I didn't really have much responsibility. And I was never sexually assaulted. I was never raped. I was never really touched inappropriately. I worked at a really nice club, and it was just like a huge party throughout my late teenage years on to like 25. I had a fucking blast.

There were girls going to college, there were certified nurses. There were girls who had children. I mean, all the girls came from different walks of life, but we were all friends. The cool guys from the neighborhood would come in, the drug dealers would come in and throw us all their money, and it was just fucking fun.

You once compared stripping to running a business.

You learn how to hustle because being a dancer, you don't get a check. If you don't work, you don't make money. So if you're onstage, and no one throws money at you, you need to go around and get lap dances. Market yourself. And the misconception is, dancing is prostitution. We do not have sex. That's it. Dancing is dancing. Prostitution and porn are totally different occupations.

For example, if you walk up to a guy, and you're like, "Hey, how are you?" And he's like, "You're not my type. Get away from me." You got rent to pay, so you need to be like, "I'm sorry that I'm not your type, but I was onstage and I saw you and I just thought you were so good-looking and very clean-cut"—whatever you need to say—"I just wanted to come over here and say hi to you, blah, blah, blah." Eye contact, maybe touching his leg, his arm, nothing too sexual, and you instantly change his mind. That's it. Fucking change their minds. Make them love you.

I apply this to every single meeting that I do. I have a book. I went from stripper to author to prime-time TV to having a fucking interview in *Time* magazine. Don't tell me I don't know what the fuck I'm talking about. I lived it. And I'm telling girls how to do it.

What's the craziest thing a guy has ever asked you to do in bed?

You know what? I know this is going to sound really dry, but that has always been a problem for me, because guys are very intimidated by me. So they always kind of really treat me like a lady. They never try to go the extra mile and ask for anal or anything out of the norm. They just never take it to the next level…but I'm totally not into anal.

What *are* you into?

I like a guy that's aggressive but gentle at the same time. I'm very sensitive. If you're strong enough to move me around, but not hurt me, I love that. I'm not into toys. I really actually don't even like getting

head. I don't know. Maybe it's that most of the guys I've been with are just not good at it. [*Laughs.*] I don't know, but it's never been my thing. I'm just like, ugh [*pretends to snore*], just do it already. Like, really, 30 minutes?

What's the most misunderstood thing about you?

People think I just have threesomes and orgies all day. Totally not the case. I can't even hardly get a date, which is so weird. I'm telling you, guys are so scared of me. I remember being back in Philly and just walking down the street, causing car accidents. It was that serious, I swear to God. It's crazy. And now it's like, "Oh, my God, you're so beautiful. Can I get a picture with you?" And I'm like, "Fine." But once you ask me for a picture, you're a fan, and I can never look at you in any other way. I feel like guys just get so caught up, and it's like, yo, I would actually date a regular guy if you didn't act like a fucking fan. You know what I mean?

I'm just some regular girl from Philly. That's why I married Wiz, because he was a down-home Pittsburgh guy who liked barbecues and loud music, and I was just like, this is my kind of fucking guy. And that's ideally what I want, eventually. But I am having fun being the slut right now and weighing out my options, not having anyone try to control me. I don't want to be submissive to any man. I got too much shit on my plate. And I fucking love all of it. H

"I was attracted to you the moment I laid eyes on it..."

ABBY CROSS

WORKING IT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

I'm a hard worker. My first job was a cashier at good ol' Mickey D's. And I freaking loved that job. I've been earning a paycheck ever since. If I hadn't joined the industry, I would probably be tending bar back in Texas. I just like being around people.

"My favorite part of my body is my booty. It's just so juicy! I was slacking big time in the gym, but I'm changing a few things, working that booty, getting it nice and tight. I be feelin' good after killing my workouts. I walk out of the gym singing 'This Woman's Work' at the top of my lungs. And it seems like the better shape my ass is in, the better anal sex is. ;)"

ABBY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Austin, Texas** | AGE: **26** | HEIGHT: **5-2**
MEASUREMENTS: **34B-26-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy** | TWITTER: **@AbbyCrossXXX**

KRYSTYNA HUTCHINSON & CORINNE FISHER

PROMISCUITY & PODCASTS

WHAT STARTED OUT AS SEX TALK WITH EXES HAS TURNED INTO AN ON-AIR REVOLUTION. CORINNE FISHER AND KRYSTYNA HUTCHINSON, THE OUTSPOKEN LADIES OF THE NEW YORK COMEDY DUO SORRY ABOUT LAST NIGHT, GET DOWN TO THE DIRTY DETAILS OF HUMAN SEXUALITY ON THEIR HIT ANTI-SLUT-SHAMING PODCAST *GUYS WE FUCKED*. SPEAKING WITH THE LIKES OF ANDY DICK, AMBER ROSE, BOBBY LEE, ARTIE LANGE AND STOYA, THE GIRLS WHO FUCK GET CANDID ABOUT THEIR FAVORITE PORN STARS, THREESOME TIPS AND OFFENDING EVERYONE, SO HOLD YOUR HUSTLERS HIGH, BECAUSE DEEP DOWN WE'RE ALL FUCKERS—AND PROUD OF IT!

INTERVIEW BY KELLY WEBB
PHOTO BY DEE GUERRERO

HUSTLER: Why is anti-slut-shaming an important issue to you two personally?

KRYS: I went into the podcast wanting to talk about silly things, like thinking sex was only one thrust up until the tenth grade, how my boyfriend's porn star ex made me feel femasculated and my confusion over blowjob scenes in porn—looks like a zombie gagging for ten minutes. We covered those topics and also dove into rape, abortion, molestation and abusive relationships—things that I never had the opportunity to explore because people deem them as sad and dark and confusing and something to brush under the rug. Over 100 episodes and thousands of listener emails later, I've come to realize how many big secrets people keep, all because they're ashamed. Slut-shaming and shaming of any kind is such a controlling tool—the more you talk about that, the more self-empowered people become.

CORINNE: Sexuality is one of the most basic and beautiful things about being human. To make one gender feel gross for expressing and embracing that is not okay, and it's hard for me to even digest—insert cum joke here—the fact that we've let it go on this long—another dick joke can probably go here.

You've started your third year of the podcast—is there anything you know now that you wish you'd known before you started? Anything you've learned about your own sexuality?

KRYS: My expectations have been far exceeded. I've learned so much about myself, mostly how to be more honest about what I want and don't want. One thing I've fessed up to, since the start of the show, is my desire to see my boyfriend have sex with someone else. It was something I kept to myself because I was a little confused and embarrassed by it. I ended up talking about it on the podcast before bringing the subject up with my boyfriend. It eventually led to a threeway with another woman, and it was just as exhilarating as I imagined it. Lesson learned: Talk about your sexual fantasies with the person you're having sex with!

CORINNE: I was going to say I wish I could've known how big this thing was going to get, but then I realized that if I knew that, I would have opted not to start it at all. That's kind of the beauty of this podcast—it's been this huge social experiment. This isn't a lecture on sexuality. It's very much a group discussion. As far as my sexuality, interestingly enough, I've learned I'm a lot more traditional than I or most of my past partners would probably think. I like having sex with one person at a time. And the same person for weeks, months, years. I will do pretty much anything, but just with that person. And preferably in private. I'm glad I tried the other stuff because now I know I'm not missing anything. It's helped me to be content in my sexuality.

Which episode prompted the biggest response from your audience?

CORINNE: Oh, God, our audience is not shy, so there's a constant flow of feedback coming in. From experiences people want to share with us to something we said that offended them—please stop doing that, being offended helps you grow—to really nitty-picky things about my **>>**

vocal cadence. But I think the episode that kind of got this very love/hate response was the one we did with Dante Nero. I actually had to prepare a written response to read on the episode that followed that one.

KRYS: Dante, who used to be a pimp, had the listeners very divided because he was honest about some not so great things he did in the past, and people came down on him and us for not calling him out more. To which I say, he's being honest about his past. He knows he didn't make the best decisions all of the time, and that's okay. That's great, in fact, because most people go to the grave without ever admitting to or coming to terms with things from their past they aren't proud of.

What do you think society can gain from being open about sexuality?

CORINNE: An understanding that the things we think we need to hide about ourselves are the things that everybody thinks they need to hide about themselves. I think it's good to learn that maybe you're not as unique as you thought you were...so, like, stop paying for storage space to hide your porn and BDSM stuff. Most of us actually like to get hit sexually sometimes.

KRYS: From my experience thus far, I've learned that when someone is almost uncomfortably honest about their sex life, it opens up the floodgates to talk about any other area of shame. Sex is really fun. If you're having sex and you aren't enjoying yourself, you need to speak up and make some changes as soon as possible. The amount of weight people carry on their shoulders in regards to sexual shame, whether it be from parents, religion, friends or that weird porn you watched last night, seems to carry over into other facets of their life. I think if everyone can be more comfortable and honest about their sexuality, the world would be a better, more relaxed, happier place. Sex is a natural thing, and yet we've applied so many senseless social rules to it. Fuck the rules. As long as you're not harming another person in the process, do *you*.

Has your sex life changed since starting the podcast?

KRYS: Yes, and for the better. Because I talk into a microphone about it once a week, honesty has become a knee-jerk reaction. If my boyfriend and I are having sex and he does something I don't like, I let him know. Or if what he's doing feels like I'm floating on clouds, I ask him to keep going. I was never much of a direction giver in bed because I thought that would make the guy feel bad and kill the mood. We've also explored all kinds of butt stuff. There are so many more things to do to/around/inside a guy's ass than I realized! It's a whole new world! Side note—any straight guy who gets uptight about a girl doing butt stuff to him needs to strongly get over himself and reconsider.

Krystyna, you kept listeners updated on the progress of you and your boyfriend's threesome and the search for the right participant. Any tips for couples trying their first threeway? What about guys who are too afraid to bring it up to their girlfriend? Or vice versa?

KRYS: Discuss with your partner what you'd like to get out of the threesome first and who your ideal third would be so you can compare notes and come to a common conclusion. Set rules and boundaries. I didn't mind if Stephen had sex with her—in fact, I wanted him to—but I also wanted to pick a girl who was good looking but not to the point where I was intimidated. After the threesome happens, you will come up with additional rules that you never would have thought of. For example, maybe not a great idea to have the third person sleep over. The most important tip I can give is, there will be a point during the threesome that both of you get jealous. That is not only completely normal; it's completely okay! Talk it out after. I think the first thing I said to Stephen after the girl left was, "Does she suck your dick better than me?!" He was like, "Uhhh, whoa!" Then we both laughed about it. One last important tip: Do *not* have a threesome unless your relationship is 10,000% solid. If you're thinking of breaking up with the person or if you're angry at your partner for something, a threeway is probably the worst idea.

So what makes a guy a successful fuck?

CORINNE: He doesn't try to stick his penis in me until it's fully erect, he kisses while fucking, he doesn't jackhammer, he tries his best to make sure I come before he does, and he cuddles immediately after. You get up to pee or shower right after and I kill you.

KRYS: If you feel good about fucking him after you fucked him, that's a great start. No transmission of STDs is also a huge plus! I always stress the importance of communicating, but if you're fucking a person for the first time, you don't necessarily want to be all "Stop that!" and "More of that!" because you're just getting to know their body.

What's your kinkiest pickup experience?

KRYS: When my boyfriend and I took a girl out for drinks with the intention of having a threeway at the end of the night. It's *really* fun and hot to hit on someone as a couple. Stephen and I have two different methods of flirting—he's more direct, and I like to be ambiguous—but we eventually got a good vibe going and spent the later part of the evening naked in our bed.

CORINNE: I evolved sexually as a 20-something in New York City. If I was part of any kinky pickup experience, I would probably be dead right now. Although, I did just recall an infamous Tuesday night where my good friend and I picked up a British lad at a bar and brought him back to my place to watch *The Dreamers*, which turned into us all drunk and naked in my bed. Then we found out he had a girlfriend back in his hotel room, and we kicked him out. #GirlPower.

"STOP PAYING FOR STORAGE SPACE TO HIDE YOUR PORN AND BDSM STUFF. MOST OF US ACTUALLY LIKE TO GET HIT SEXUALLY SOMETIMES." —CORINNE

You both talk about using online dating. How do you think it has changed people's sex lives?
CORINNE: I went on one Tinder date, and the guy was superhot...and super homosexual. So I mean, it's not for me. I'm really romantic deep down. I believe in those John Cusack movie moments. It's about the challenge of finding that person on my own. But I think some people are fine with finding a match more scientifically. The problem is, that app is always at your fingertips, so you can get mad at your mate and go to the next room and start online shopping for a new one, and there's something that really rubs me the wrong way about that.
KRYS: When you're swiping on an app, all you have to go by is a few pictures and a paragraph. I think this makes people way more judgmental. You can pass on a person because you don't like their hair, or their nose looks gross from that angle—things that likely have nothing to do with their personality and your potential chemistry.

Do you feel judgment from your audience?
KRYS: No matter what opinion we give on a topic, somebody somewhere is going to disagree with us, and they're going to let us know how wrong or politically incorrect we are. We have a blanket rule that every subject can and should be laughed at in some way. When we get into a darker issue and we're talking to a comedian who is related to a pedophile about his experience and feelings, we're going to insert jokes when appropriate. That makes some listeners uncomfortable, but I enjoy challenging people's comfort zones that way. To me, laughing about emotional pain lifts weight off my shoulders, and it's how I keep such a positive attitude about life.

Do you have a favorite porn star?
KRYS: When I watch porn, I'm more into the girl than the guy. Watching Alexis Texas bouncing up and down on a dick is a thing of beauty to me. I also love Sasha Grey, because of the way she takes control of the scenes she's in.
CORINNE: I'm pro-porn, just not a huge consumer of it. In general I like pale, goth types. Always brunettes.

You had the infamous Stoya [the ex of Krystyna's current boyfriend] on *GWF*. Are there any other sex workers you would like to have on?
KRYS: I would love to interview Jenna Jameson and Nina Hartley!
CORINNE: Jenna Jameson! She actually works with this company called Bloody Bombshell Entertainment that's super feminist and doing a lot of great work for the sex industry.

Other than Stoya, have you invited any other lovers of the guys you've fucked on the podcast? Would you?
CORINNE: Sure. I think exes and new boyfriends/girlfriends/fiancées of past sex partners and mates really help to complete the story and see things from every angle.
KRYS: We had a girl named Lindsey on who dated my boyfriend for a few years before Stoya. Lindsey describes herself as being more vanilla when it comes to sex, so it was nice to hear from that perspective. There was also a really funny story of her dislocating Stephen's shoulder while he was going down on her that cracks me up every time I hear it.

If you had a porn parody made about you, what would it be called?
KRYS: Ha, it would probably be called something like, *The Guys We Fucked Get Plowed on Christmas Morning* or something else ridiculous and comical. I have no idea who would play me, but I'd like it to be a girl who can do funny cartoon voices while taking that D.

"I WANT TO GIVE THEM THE SHOCK OF A LIFETIME AND LET THEM KNOW THAT WOMEN ENJOY SEX AND HAVING ORGASMS AS MUCH AS THEY DO." —KRYSTYNA

Your podcast pushes the boundaries of political correctness. Do you think comedy is becoming too politically correct?
CORINNE: I don't think *comedy* is becoming too politically correct, but I certainly think comedy audiences are becoming too politically correct. And it's not only bad for comedy; it's bad for society. When everything becomes too precious to even be mentioned, nothing gets talked about.

You discuss a lot of serious topics, like sexual assault and rape, on your podcasts. How do you merge these topics with comedy?
KRYS: It's easier to fit comedy into a darker topic when the person you're talking to is also a comedian. We laugh at our own pain—it's the only way we know how to deal with it and heal. I'd never make a joke about rape to a person who's crying and shaking while detailing her own experience. Everyone handles trauma differently, so reading the vibe of the guest is important. I actually think it's easier to make jokes about the darker topics.
CORINNE: The beauty of comedy is that it makes unbearable, unfathomable things digestible. We manage to do it because we believe it's the best way to get past something terrible that you've experienced. Any other way just reinforces that you are, in fact, a victim and need to be coddled.

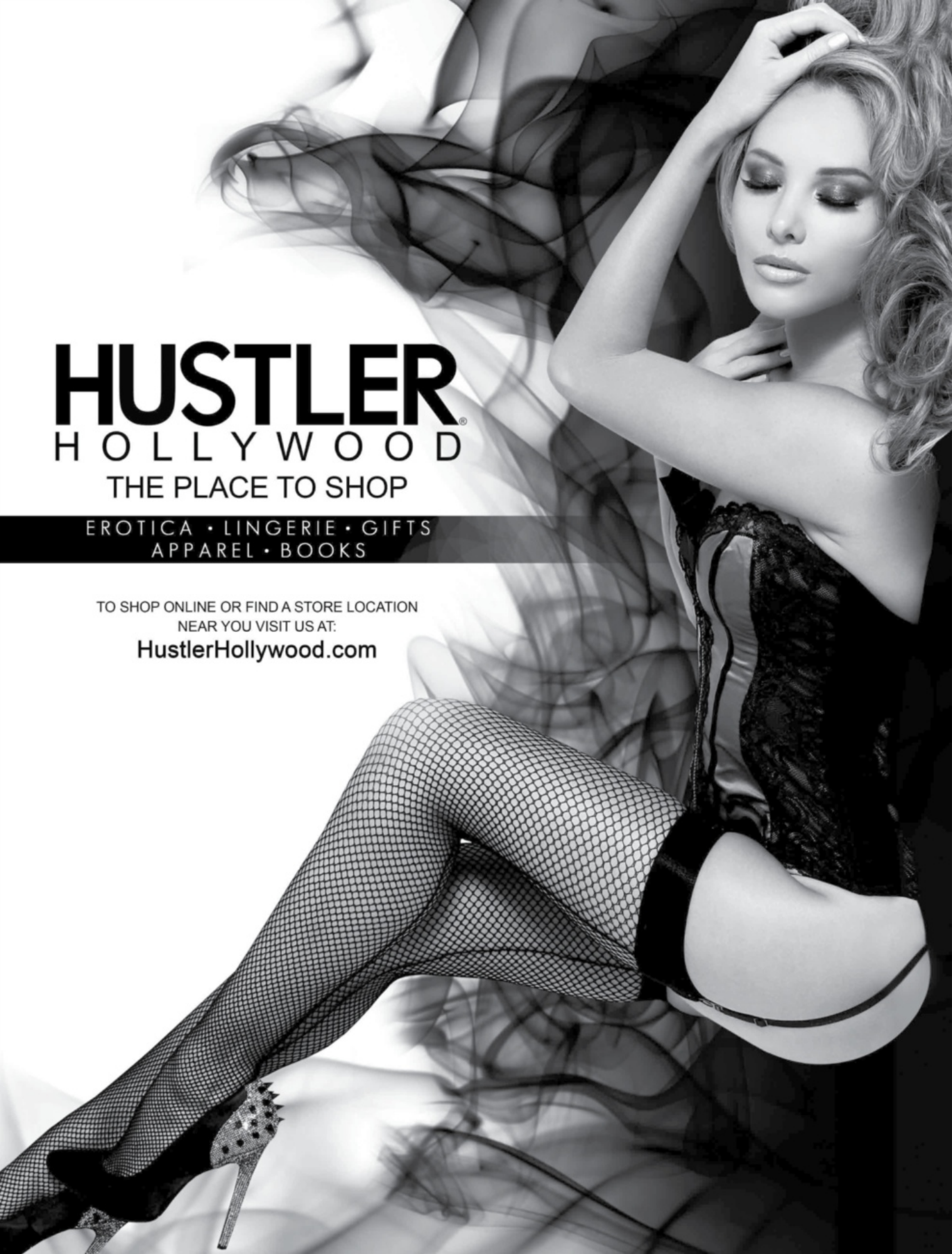
You've called out "men's rights activists," among other closed-minded people, and talk a lot about playing devil's advocate. Why do you think it's important to see the other side?
KRYS: I want to understand where these people are coming from and why they think what they think. That understanding will help me grasp their point of view and then better articulate why I think they're a piece of shit. I want nothing more than to interview a men's rights activist. If you don't know about this group, Google it right this minute! I can't wrap my brain around a man genuinely believing that women who sleep with "a lot" of people are disgusting. I want to understand why they think that, and then I want to give them the shock of a lifetime and let them know that women enjoy sex and having orgasms as much as they do.
CORINNE: You have to see both sides. If we only acknowledged people who thought like us, this podcast would be like a weird religion, and no one needs that. H

Subscribe to* Guys We Fucked *on iTunes and follow Corinne and Krystyna on Twitter @SryAboutLastNyt.

CASSANDRA
CRUZ
SEX SECRETS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

My boyfriend and I vowed we'd both become porn stars if we didn't make it as artists. Well, we broke up, I lost my job, and I thought, *Here's my chance to fuck hot guys with big cocks.*

"Doing porn has given me a big confidence boost. I've gained the ability to say and do exactly what I want. Wanna know a secret? Most girls love down and dirty sex, rough and nasty fucking. But they lie right through their teeth about it because they want to come off as holier-than-thou. I'm not one of those girls."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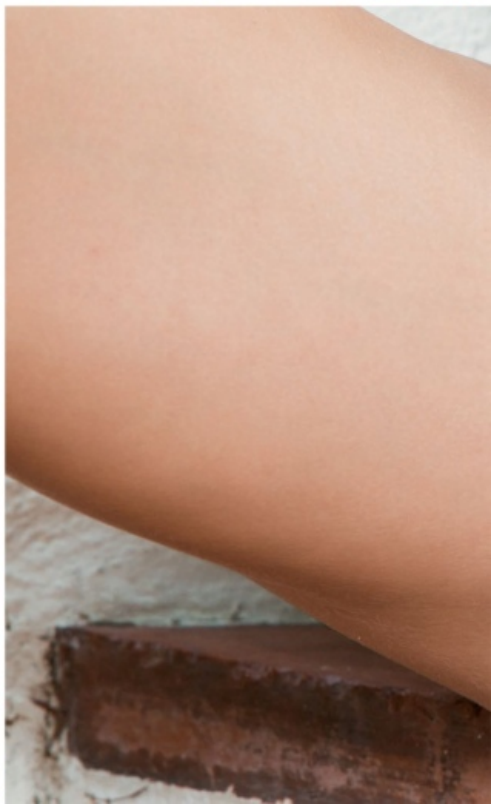
AW, C'MON,
JUST LET ME
PUT THE TIP IN!
WINNERS

ALEX GREY

MORNING GLOW

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TAMMY SANDS

I crave morning sex. Pretty much every day I wake up wet and tingling. If I'm lucky—and I am pretty lucky—there's a warm man in bed next to me. My favorite is when I'm half asleep, being spooned with a hard cock pressing against my ass cheeks. My lover will kiss my neck and play with my tits, then push into my quim nice and slow from behind. And we'll fuck our way into a new day. Best way ever to go from dreaming to awake."



Want a taste?

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Alex

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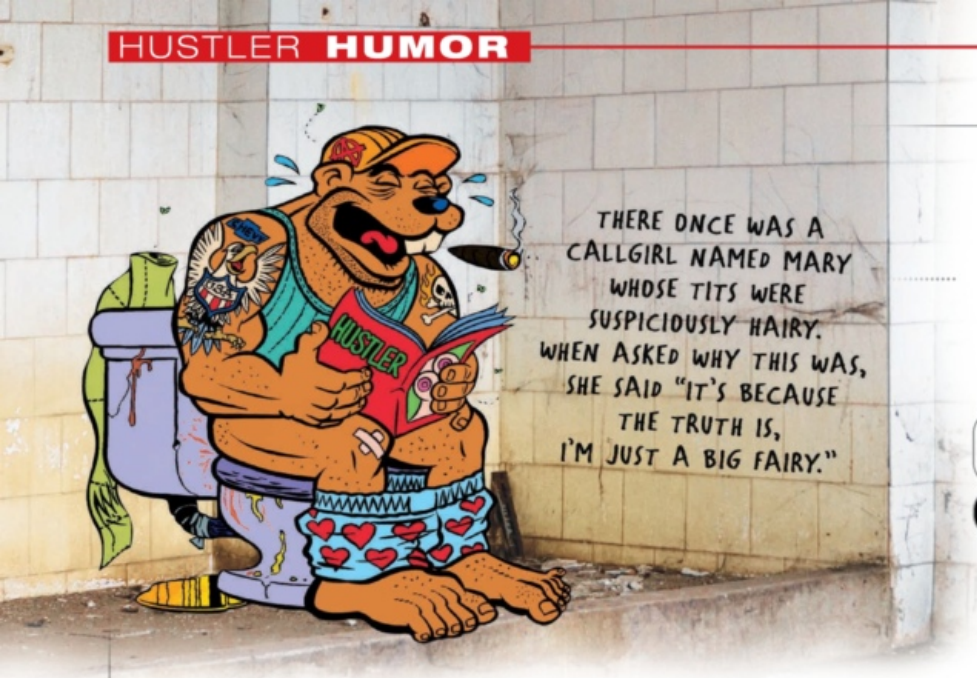
ALEX'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Fort Benning, Georgia**
AGE: **20** | HEIGHT: **5-3**
MEASUREMENTS: **32B-23-26**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Cowgirl**
TWITTER: **@AlexGreyXXX**



Well into her 80s, Gertie opened the front door of a sex shop and entered. Unsteady on her feet, the little old lady shuffled her way across the store to the counter. Finally arriving there, she gripped the counter for support and stared pleadingly at the sales clerk.

"Dooo youuuu have d-d-d-illlldosss?" Gertie stuttered.

The clerk smiled. "Yes, we do have dildos," he said, trying his best not to sound patronizing. "Actually we carry several different models."

"Doooo youuuu hhhhavvvve a pppinkk onnee, tttenn inchessss lllonggg aaandd aabboutt ttwoo inchess ththiickk...ththatt rrunns on bbaatteries?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, we do," the clerk replied.

"D-d-dooo yyoooouuuu kknnnoooww hhhowww tttooo ttturrrnnn iittt offff?"

Question: What can a wife say to make her husband both happy and sad at the same time?

Answer: "Out of all of your friends, you have the biggest dick."

A gunman wearing a mask walked into a sperm bank and ordered the nurse to open the vault.

"But, sir," she said. "We're just a sperm bank. There's no money back there."

"Do it now," he yelled.

The nurse opened the vault, which was filled with test tube vials.

"Take one and drink it," demanded the crazed man.

"But it's sperm," she pleaded.

"If you don't drink it right now, I will blow your head off!"

She opened the vial, put it to her lips and swallowed the contents.

"Good. Now keep going till I tell you to stop," he commanded.

Finally, after she'd swallowed four or five samples, the man pulled off his ski mask and smiled. The nurse was shocked to see her husband standing before her.

"See?" he said. "Was that so difficult?"

An employment clerk in New Orleans was reviewing Bubba's application form. Noting the figures "124" and "134" in the spaces reserved for "Age of Father, if Living," and "Age of Mother, if Living," he asked in amazement, "Hey, Bubba. Are your parents really that old?"

"They would be, if living."

Question: How do you know that you've received a letter from a leper?

Answer: His tongue is on the envelope.

On her first visit home from college, Mary was having a heart-to-heart with her mother.

"I have to tell you," Mary confessed, "I lost my virginity the day I got there."

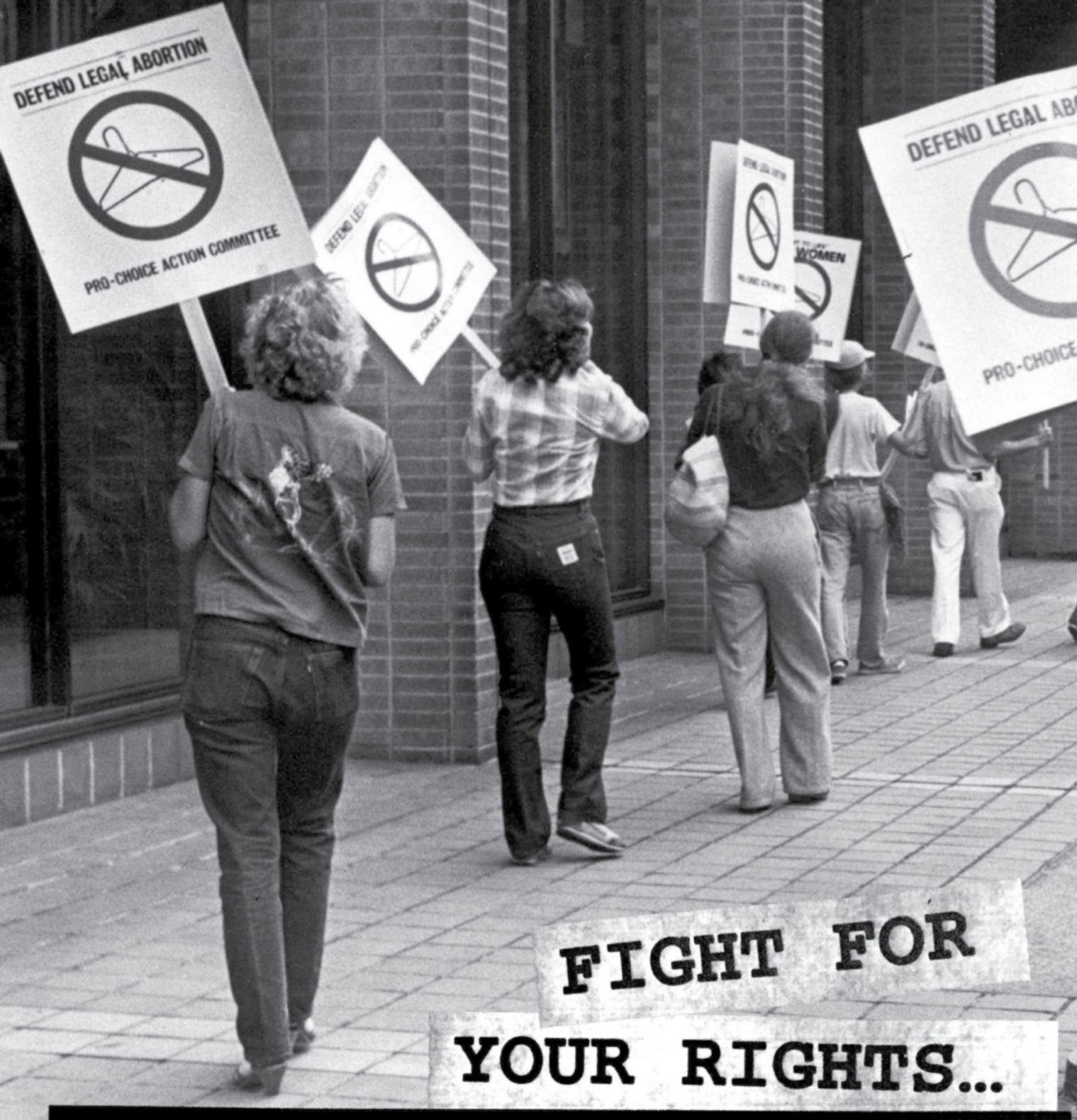
"It was bound to happen," said her mother. "I just hope it was a romantic and pleasurable experience for you."

"The first 11 guys felt great, but after them, my pussy started to get sore."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!

"God, I hate to sound like an ungrateful asshole, but it is boring as a motherfucker up here!"

BLACK LIVES MATTER
BLACK LIVES MATTER
BLACK ASS MATTERS
Trosley.



FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHTS... OR LOSE THEM

BY PAUL KRASSNER

PRO-CHOICE ACTION COMMITTEE OF CLEVELAND PICKETS IN FRONT OF THE HALLENDEN HOUSE, SITE OF RIGHT TO LIFE SOCIETY CONVENTION, 1979.
PHOTO COURTESY CSU ARCHIVES/EVERETT COLLECTION

PAUL KRASSNER, LONGTIME SATIRIST AND ACTIVIST, RECOUNTS THE HISTORY OF ABORTION IN HIS LIFETIME—FROM ILLEGAL TO LEGAL TO THE DETERIORATION OF A WOMAN'S REPRODUCTIVE RIGHTS TODAY. HE DETAILS THE PAST, WHEN HE RAN AN UNDERGROUND ABORTION REFERRAL SERVICE, AND WARNS OF A DANGEROUS FUTURE…

When abortions were illegal in America, women had no choice but to seek out back-alley butchers for what should have been a medical procedure in a sterile environment. If there was a botched surgery and the victim went to a hospital, the police were called, and they wouldn't allow the doctor to provide a painkiller until the patient gave them the information they sought.

In 1962 an article in *Look* magazine stated, "There is no such thing as a 'good' abortionist. All of them are in business strictly for money." But in an issue of my own magazine, *The Realist*, that same year, I published an anonymous interview with the late Dr. Robert Spencer, a truly humane abortionist, promising that I would go to prison sooner than reveal his identity.

He had served as an Army doctor in World War I, then became a pathologist at a hospital in Ashland, Pennsylvania. At a time when 5,000 women were killed each year by criminal abortionists who charged as much as $1,500, his reputation had spread by word of mouth, and he was known as The Saint. Patients came to his clinic in Ashland from around the country.

I took the five-hour bus trip from New York to Ashland with my gigantic Webcor tape recorder. Dr. Spencer was the cheerful personification of an old-fashioned physician. He wore a red beret and used folksy expressions like "by golly." He had been performing abortions for 40 years. He started out charging $5 and never asked for more than $100. He rarely used the word *pregnant*. Rather, he would say, "She was *that way*, and she came to me for help."

Ashland was a small town, and Dr. Spencer's work was not merely tolerated; the community depended on it—the hotel, the restaurant, the dress shop—all thrived on the extra business that came from his out-of-town patients. He built facilities at his clinic for African-American patients who weren't allowed to obtain overnight lodgings elsewhere. The walls of his office were decorated with those little wooden signs that tourists like to buy. A sign on the ceiling over his operating table said, "Keep Calm."

Here's an excerpt from *The Realist* interview:

PAUL KRASSNER: Do you have any idea about how many actual abortions you've performed during all these years?
DR. ROBERT SPENCER: To be accurate, it's 27,006.
Have medical people come to you, who would otherwise shun you?
Oh, yes, I've had medical people who bring me their wives, and I've had quite a few medical people send me patients.
But they wouldn't perform the operation themselves?
No, they'd never perform it, and just exactly what their attitude would be, I don't really know. Some of them, I presume, were absolutely against it, because I've had ministers, and they'd bring me their daughters or their nieces.
Have police come to you for professional services?
Oh, yes, I've had police in here too. I've helped them out. I've helped a hell of a lot police out. I've helped a lot of FBI men out. They would be here, and they had me a little bit scared—I didn't know whether they were just in to get me or not.
What is the most significant lesson you've learned in all your years as a practicing abortionist?
You've got to be careful. That's the most important thing. And you've got to be cocksure that everything's removed. And even the uterus speaks to you and tells you. I could be blind. You see, this is an operation no eye sees. You go by the sense of feel and touch. The voice of the uterus. But the only thing I can see is hypocrisy, hypocrisy. Everywhere I look is hypocrisy. Because the politicians—and I've had politicians in here—they still keep those laws in existence, but yet, if some friend of theirs is in trouble…

After my interview with Dr. Spencer was published, I began to get phone calls from scared female voices. They were all in desperate search of a safe abortionist. It was preposterous that they should have to seek out the editor of a satirical magazine, but their quest so far had been futile, and they simply didn't know where else to turn.

With Dr. Spencer's permission, I referred them to him. At first there were only a few calls each week, then several every day. I had never intended to become an underground abortion referral service.

A few years later state police raided Dr. Spencer's clinic and arrested him. He remained out of jail only by the grace of political pressure from those he'd helped. He was finally forced to retire from his practice in 1967, but I continued mine, referring callers to other physicians he had recommended. Occasionally I would be offered money by a patient, but I never accepted it. And whenever a doctor offered me a kickback, I refused.

Eventually I was subpoenaed by district attorneys in two cities to appear before grand juries investigating criminal charges against abortionists. On both occasions I refused to testify, and each time the DA tried to frighten me into cooperating with the threat of arrest.

In Liberty, New York, my name had been extorted from a patient by threatening her with jail. The DA told me that the doctor had confessed everything and that it was all on tape. He gave me until two o'clock that afternoon to change my mind about testifying, or else the police would come to take me away.

"I'd better call my lawyer," I told him.

I went outside to a public phone booth and called, not a lawyer, but the doctor.

"That never happened," he said.

I returned to the DA's office and told him that my lawyer said to continue being uncooperative. Then I just sat there, waiting for the cops.

"They're on their way," the DA kept warning me. But at two o'clock he simply said, "Okay, you can go home now."

Bronx District Attorney Burton Roberts took a different approach. In September 1969 he told me that his staff had found an abortionist's financial records, which showed all the money that I had received, but he would grant me immunity from prosecution if I cooperated with the grand jury. He extended his hand as a gesture of trust.

"That's not true," I said, refusing to shake hands with him.

If I *had* ever accepted any money, I'd have no way of knowing that he was bluffing. The DA was angry, but he finally had to let me go.

Attorney Gerald Lefcourt (later president of the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers) filed a suit on my behalf, challenging the constitutionality of the abortion law. He pointed out that the district attorney had no power to investigate the violation of an unconstitutional law and therefore could not force me to testify.

In 1970 I became the only plaintiff in the first lawsuit to declare the abortion laws unconstitutional in New York state. "Later various women's groups joined the suit," Lefcourt recalls, "and ultimately the New York legislature repealed the criminal sanctions against abortion, prior to the Supreme Court decision in *Roe* v. *Wade*."

Dr. Spencer never knew about that. He died in 1969. The obituary in *The New York Times* acknowledged the existence of his abortion clinic. The obituary in Ashland's local paper did not.

I continued to carry on my underground abortion referral service. Each time, though, I would flash on the notion that this was my own mother asking for help, and that she was pregnant with me. Pretending to be the fetus was just a way of focusing on my role as a referral service. I didn't want it to become so casual that I would grow unaware of the implications. By personalizing it, I had to accept my own responsibility for each fetus whose potential I was helping to disappear. That was about as mystical as I got.

In any case, by the time these women came to me for help, they had already searched their souls and made up their minds. This was not some abstract cause far away—these were real people in real distress—and I just couldn't say no. After nearly a decade, I had evolved from a satirist into an activist. >>

I BEGAN TO GET PHONE CALLS FROM SCARED FEMALE VOICES. THEY WERE ALL IN DESPERATE SEARCH OF A SAFE ABORTIONIST.

PAUL KRASSNER

DEMONSTRATION PROTESTING ANTIABORTION CANDIDATE ELLEN McCORMACK AT THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION IN NEW YORK CITY, 1976.

Before *Roe* v. *Wade*, when abortion was illegal, I thought it would never be legalized in my lifetime. And then I thought abortion would never be *illegal* again. So now, in 2016—more than five decades after my interview with Dr. Spencer—it's disheartening to see the right-wing religious conservative movement try to recriminalize reproduction rights.

The so-called pro-life movement motivated the man who murdered three people and wounded nine with an assault-style rifle at a Planned Parenthood clinic in Colorado Springs late last year. He had a history of praising similar attacks.

According to the National Abortion Federation, there have been eight murders of abortion providers over the past 38 years, and antiabortion activists have perpetrated more than 60,000 recorded instances of harassment, intimidation and violence over this same period, "including murder, shootings, arson, bombings, chemical and acid attacks, bioterrorism threats…and other forms of violence."

In November 2015 the Supreme Court agreed to reenter the national debate over abortion. This year the justices will decide whether tough new restrictions placed on such clinics and doctors in Texas constitute an "undue burden" on women seeking legal abortions and should be struck down.

Restrictions include forcing doctors to have admitting privileges at nearby hospitals and requiring clinics to meet standards for outpatient surgery centers. They threaten to leave the state with only ten clinics clustered in four population centers and along the Mexican border. A law in Mississippi threatens to close that state's one lone abortion clinic.

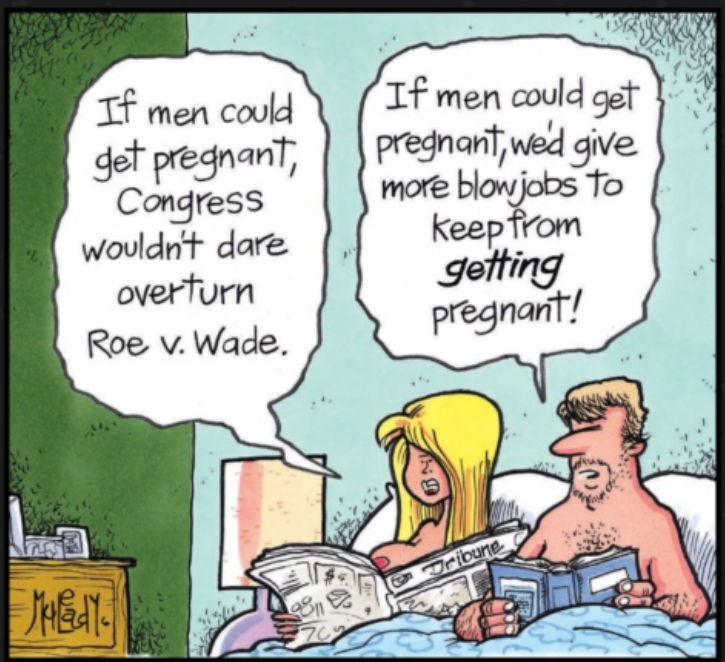
Also in November 2015, the Texas Policy Evaluation Project blamed Republican lawmakers for the fact that almost a quarter-million women in that state have tried to self-induce abortions over the past five years. The study pointed out that those women resorted to the availability of abortion drugs, largely from Mexico, and that "Other methods reported by those who knew someone who had attempted self-induction included herbs or homeopathic remedies, getting hit or punched in the abdomen, using alcohol or illicit drugs, or taking hormonal pills."

Nancy Northup, of the Center for Reproductive Rights, hopes that the Supreme Court can restore "the Constitutional rights of millions of women, which Texas politicians have spent years dismantling through deceptive laws and regulatory red tape. For more than four decades the Supreme Court has agreed that the U.S. Constitution protects every woman's right to make her own decisions about her health and family. Now the court must reject the schemes of politicians who believe the Constitution and the court's precedents do not apply to them."

Northrup insists that the Texas restrictions are so tough that there is no choice—a woman in El Paso would have to travel 500 miles for an abortion at the nearest clinic.

Things seem to be going backward, and the only way to prevent this erosion of rights is to scream loudly enough to make your voice heard. Contact your local representative (**House.gov/representatives**). Lend support to Planned Parenthood (**PlannedParenthood.org**) and pro-choice organizations across the U.S. (**AbortionReason.com/proabortion-organizations.php**). Fight for your rights…or lose them.

Paul Krassner is the author of several books and the publisher of the Disneyland Memorial Orgy posters at ***PaulKrassner.com****.*



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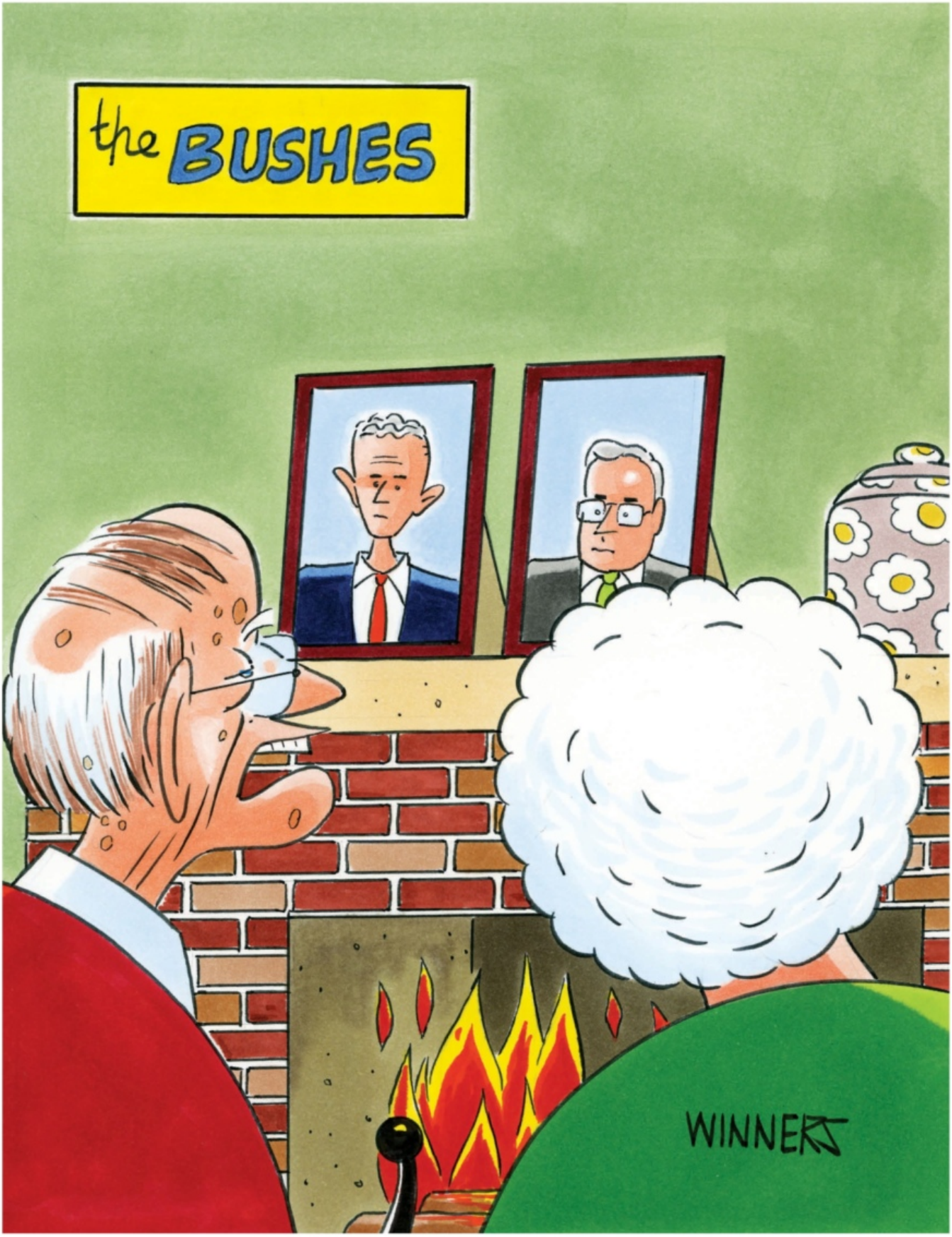


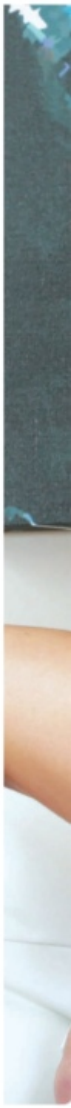
"One turned out to be a lousy President, and the other one turned out to be a lousy candidate for President. Where did we go wrong?"

MOMMY LOVES A MISSIONARY

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MARC X. STARRING: JESSICA RYAN, DANICA DILLON, OLIVIA AUSTIN, ALEXIS GRACE, SARAH JESSIE, TYLER NIXON, VAN WYLDE, BRADLEY REMINGTON, JAKE JACE & VINCE VALE.

In olden times, missionaries were oft thrust into boiling pots by brutal savages. As *Mommy Loves a Missionary* proves, these days they're more likely to be doing the thrusting—into the savage, wet-hot honeypots of lonely housewives. The video takes a cheeky look at modern-day Mormon missionaries spreading the word of Jesus Christ while spreading the legs of prick-starved MILFs. Redheaded cock hound Jessica Ryan seduces a young missionary, drawing his magic underwear down to slobber on his staff. As Ryan lies on her back to take a spermin' on the mount, her billowing tits jut skyward with heavenly grace. Danica Dillon—who allegedly had her own erotic run-in with religious hypocrite Josh Duggar—is a fresher piece of meat. Dillon's considerable charms quickly lure her Mormon's nose out of his Bible and into the lush valley between her jaw-dropping tits. Dillon chokes down her partner's raging glory with miraculous ease before Olivia Austin—a big-breasted blonde who hovers on just the right side of zaftig—enjoys a facial anointment. The quality of cooze is slightly uneven, but *Mommy Loves a Missionary* will have you crying out, "Oh, my God!" while your hands are engaged in an activity more immediately gratifying than prayer. To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. **—Pico D. Ribibi**

ALEXIS GRACE



DANICA DILLON

OLIVIA AUSTIN

JESSICA RYAN

KARLEE GREY & MERCEDES CARRERA

JILLIAN JANSON

PAYBACK

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: KEVIN MOORE. STARRING: JILLIAN JANSON, JOSIE JAGGER, SAMANTHA RONE, HOLLIE MACK, MERCEDES CARRERA, KARLEE GREY, JESSY JONES, DANNY MOUNTAIN, MR. PETE, ALEC KNIGHT, DAMON DICE, JAY SMOOTH, DOMINIK KROSS & ROBBY ECHO.

Whoever said that revenge is a dish best served cold obviously never saw *Payback*, in which piping-hot gashes dish out comeuppance to the men who've done them wrong. Lithe blonde Jillian Janson pulls a bait-and-switch on her cheating douchebag of a beau, parading around in lingerie and tying him to a chair for what he can only imagine will be a kinky rut. The real twist is revealed when Janson brings in her cheating boyfriend's pal and repeatedly jams his prick into her mouth like her uvula is a boxer's speed bag. Janson's puffy fuck flaps part like curtains to an extravaganza of erotic retribution. Her accomplice hammers home a stern lesson on the perils of infidelity while she periodically eyes her rope-bound boyfriend slumped in a heap of abject humiliation. Janson's moans and yelps of pleasure are only interrupted by the occasional taunts hurled at her cuckolded man. Tawny-skinned sexpot Josie Jagger exacts vengeance on her porn-obsessed boyfriend by recording her own video with a beefy goon. She puts on an impressive sword-swallowing act before her partner swabs her asshole with his tongue and pummels her cowgirl-style, her ass cheeks bouncing hypnotically. Bummer for her man, who only wanted to rub one out in the privacy of his own home, but hey, his loss is your gain. *Payback* is a bitch, but you'll enjoy jacking off to her. **—P.D.R.**

HOLLIE MACK

SAMANTHA RONE

JOSIE JAGGER

SCREAMING ASSGASMS! VOL. 3

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: WILLIAM H. STARRING: MORGAN LEE, ROMI RAIN, MANDY MUSE, KARMEN KARMA, MICK BLUE, RAMON NOMAR & PRINCE YAHSHUA

Let us ponder the human ass for a moment. It's a nasty bit of anatomy, whose primary reason for being is to excrete noxious waste from a tiny opening tucked behind enough layers of fat and flesh to ensure that it never sees the air-clearing light of day. It's practically a miniature sewer drain, bookended by odor-trapping skin pillows. And yet who among us has not been mesmerized by the waddle of a well-shaped derriere, tempting us to shove our snouts into its rank depths? Two things are clear: We are all just pigs looking to stick our noses and cocks in stink, and ass is the gravitational center of the universe. By those standards, *Screaming Assgasms! Vol. 3* passes the smell test. The leadoff broad in this offering, Morgan Lee, is a tasty little morsel, an exotic fuck puppet who demands that her pussy be slapped and licked before she bumps her shit-cakes against her partner's face for a spit-shine to the sphincters. Lee takes a pounding to her baby shooter before getting her dung chute stretched impressively by her partner's fat schlong. Hopefully she's setting a little of her porn money aside for Depends, because she's probably gonna need them sometime soon. Slender redhead Mandy Muse also earns points for the rectum-destroying workout she receives from a fat black slammer. For those who yearn for shit on the end of their sticks, *Screaming Assgasms 3!* will stink you up good. **—P.D.R.**

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ZOEY MONROE

FAST LEARNER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

I taught myself to squirt, and now I'm great at it. What happened was, I was watching porn, and this girl said, 'If you keep fucking me like that, I'm going to squirt!' I wasn't sure what she was talking about until he pulled out, and she squirted everywhere. I thought, *What the fuck was that?* I went online, did my research and didn't go to bed that night until I could do it. You know when I squirt the hardest? During a gangbang. I love them because all the attention is on me."

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"It sure is shitty being a black man. We's either gunned down by racist cops or married to fat, ugly white bitches no one else wants."

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE JULY 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

DARLA

"I'm at that point in my life where I want to be naked in a men's magazine before I get older," declares Darla, 33, an "outgoing" sports-bar hostess from Charlotte, North Carolina. "I'm excited to be eye candy for all your readers." When Darla was born, virtually all Beavers sported muffs, but her wispy pubes aren't a salute to the good ol' days. "I like my vagina slightly hairy to show I'm not prepubescent," explains the 5-foot-2 "divorced but looking" newbie with "a great sense of humor." Besides making people laugh, Darla digs *The Big Bang Theory*, snorkeling, popcorn, songbird Rihanna, Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson flicks and being an "adventurous" paramour. Her motto? "I'll try anything once or twice." And since her hijinks are capped by "having sex in a crowded sports-bar bathroom during halftime of a football game," we can conclude that Darla is keen on being banged anywhere. Here's the clincher: "When I was a cheerleader in high school, I had a great time having the guys holding my ass. Now I'm all about getting fucked deep *in* the ass. I love having twice the orgasm!"

—Photos by Chuck Mahalos

"My fantasy is having a threesome with two guys—twice the bang!"

"I love telling a guy I want his cock sliding into my hot pussy."

MALIA GARCIA

"Being nude in HUSTLER Magazine has always been on my bucket list," states Malia Garcia, 21, a "classy free spirit" from San Francisco. Malia relishes showing off her 5-foot-0 bod as an exotic dancer, but she's equally proud of another attribute: "I have one of the best personalities of all time." And she boasts a bevy of personal interests: "I love shopping, eating and going to a spa. My favorite TV show is *Power*, my favorite movie is *The Wolf of Wall Street*, and I listen to all kinds of music—Chris Brown, Drake, Selena Gomez, Marilyn Manson and Taylor Swift." Malia's amorous proclivities are also diverse. "I am bisexual and passive aggressive," the sultry Californian asserts. "I'd say I'm beyond kinky. I love wearing a leash and collar during sex and being talked to like a dog." Ms. Garcia's fave position? Yep, it's doggy-style. "Fucking on the Love Cloud plane flying over Las Vegas" is Malia's most memorable sexcapade, but her fantasy is more down-to-earth: "I want to be tied up and forced to come." What about that bodacious booty? "I wouldn't like having a whole cock in my ass, but I love having a thumb in it while I'm being pussy-fucked from the back." *—Photos by Friend*

"The first time I squirted, I was embarrassed. Now I can't squirt enough!"
47
Beautiful
Girls
&
Instagram: @ChocolateMoneyBunny

EXOTICA99

Born in Turkey, Exotica99 eventually gravitated to Nevada's key tourist destination, but the 34-year-old isn't a blackjack dealer or cabdriver. "In high school I was the orchestra geek who carried her violin from class to class," the 5-foot-0 Las Vegas denizen tells us. "Now I'm a professional tease. I work as a cam model." Exotica99 adds, "I'm a kind, gentle, happy person. I tend to look at the brighter side of life. Is my glass half full? Honestly, I'm just happy there's something in the glass." Here's a sip: "My absolute favorite pastimes are sex and fire dancing with my poi. I consider myself bi, although I take more of a liking to the fellas. I'm a fan of doggy-style, being controlled in the bedroom and coming hard. I have the best orgasms when my partner is getting as into it as I am." Exotica99, a *Game of Thrones* diehard, is also fond of a boob-tube astrophysicist: "I'd love to meet Neil deGrasse Tyson so we could talk about the universe." —*Photos by Almost Sinful Production*

CHERRY FERRETTI

This "computer nerd at heart" was a Texas resident when she made her *Beaver Hunt* debut in 2009. "More than anything, I want to be a famous porn star," vowed the determined skin-biz beginner. "I may look like the sweet-and-innocent girl-next-door, but I'm anything but.... I love to please by giving blowjobs and going down on a girl. Of course I don't mind taking it too. I plan to do a lot of fucking before moving on to other challenges." Since Cherry will be moving across the age-30 threshold in June, we've brought her back for a little peek and to shed light on her remarkable journey. "I did scenes for big studios like Evil Angel and Vivid, hardcore websites and of course HUSTLER Video," the 5-foot-2 sweetie recalls. "HUSTLER was the first men's magazine I ever picked up, so being cast in *Barely Legal POV #9* was the bomb. But even before making a name for myself, I was hungry to learn everything about the adult industry. I was a production assistant on *Pirates II: Stagnetti's Revenge*. That's when I realized I enjoyed being in front of the camera and behind it. Thanks to an investor who liked my work, I got to direct a lot of shoots with some amazing performers." Cherry gained further renown as a guest on *The Naughty Show* and *Going Deep With Kassem G*. Her legacy was also given a boost by Lainie Speiser's book *Confessions of the Hundred Hottest Porn Stars*. We knew that Cherry—who's now a three-time mom in St. Louis, Missouri—was hot the minute we laid eyes on her. "I really appreciate you thinking of me for a birthday shout-out," coos the *World of Warcraft* and karaoke whiz. "It means a lot! And please mention that I've changed my Twitter handle to my legal name: @LaurenClaiborne." —*Photos by Friend*

KHLOE

Khloe, 19, is a housecleaner from San Juan Capistrano, California, with a jim-dandy mantra: "If I'm naked, I'm happy. And I'll do everything I can to make my husband happy. I'm funny, sweet, caring and lovable. There is never a boring moment with me around." Three of Khloe's hobbies are hanging at the beach, shopping and watching TV—her top shows being *Are You the One?* and *The Fosters*. But she devotes most of her leisure time to one particular activity. "I'm almost a sex addict," the 5-foot-8 cutie confides. "I love to try all kinds of things." Khloe's highlight reel includes "having sex on a sidewalk at night," but the bi-curious gal has a few more capers in mind: "My fantasies are having fun with the right girl of my picking and being in an orgy."

—Photos by Kickback Productions

"My husband loves the idea that I'll be naked in your magazine. He finds it sexy."

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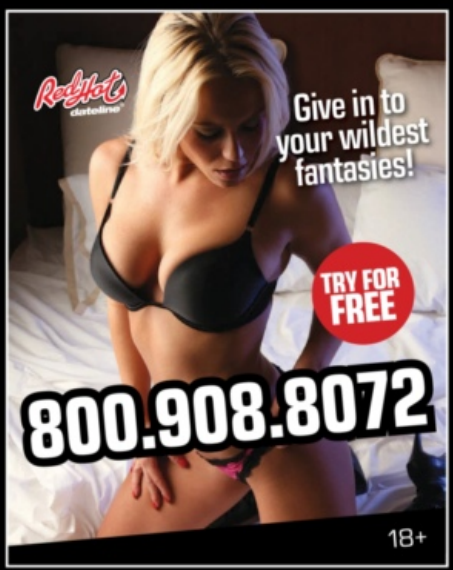

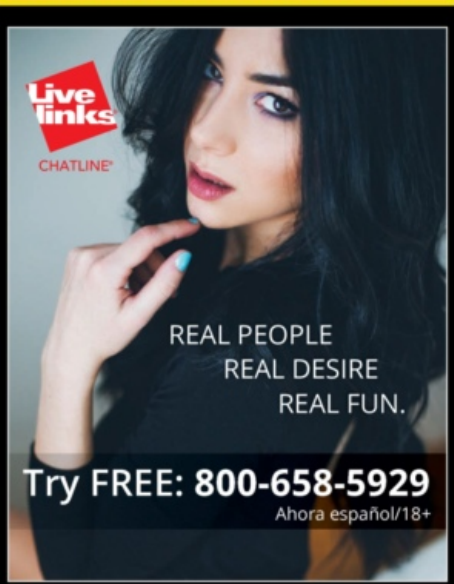

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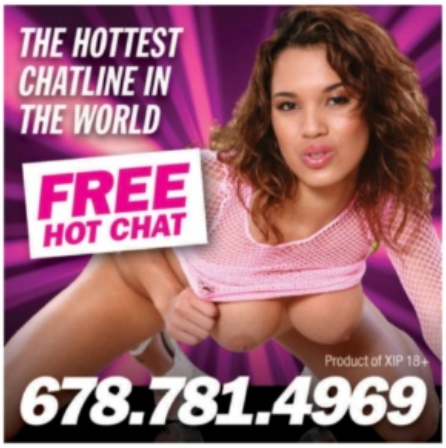
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PHOTOGRAPHY
BY MATTI KLATT

Tracey plunges her best friend's pussy with a spit-soaked dildo. The exotic beauty slurps the sweet overflow that gurgles from her playmate's gash. "Celeste loves it when I churn her cunt," shares Tracey, licking spittle from her chin. "But I'm drooling so much because it's almost my turn!"

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CHANELL HEART

MARTIN STARR

Who stars in *Silicon Valley*, knows more than you do about Steve Guttenberg's sex life, has recorded rap songs with Seth Rogen and can distinguish the difference between shitty champagne and shitty, shitty, shitty champagne? Martin Starr visits the offices of HUSTLER and turns into a Buddhist disco pimp.

THE STARR SISTERS

What's it like to be so sexy that you can make any guy come in under three seconds? What happens when your boyfriend's mom wants to shoot porn? Hot, hysterical and unabashed, Natalia and Natasha, the Starr Sisters, are taking the porn world by storm. Hang with HUSTLER for their boldest interview to date.

SLUT SQUAD

Solidarity and teamwork can be a beautiful thing. Fully aware that a group is only as strong as its horniest, most depraved member, the Slut Squad refuses to quit until every single one of them is stuffed full of cock and coated with white-hot semen.

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